*South Carolina's Newsweekly*

# OSCEOLA

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EICHEL, HENRY
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# The GOP Convention

In search of banality: See page three

Strom and Nancy whoop it up

# The Inside Story

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There are tons of radioactive nuclear waste beneath the ground in South Carolina. Only one of the people running for Senate seems to be really concerned about it. And guess who it ain't?

**Cheap Shots ... P. 2**
Several former journalists have gone through the revolving door into statewide politics, and the U.S. Supreme Court just might beat everybody to the punch and knock the wind out of the nuclear industry.

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The conservative rhetoric was flying fast at the state Republican convention last Saturday. Also, the Raymon Finch forces pulled a strategic breakthrough by making their campaign pitches in the bathrooms.

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A writer from Lexington contributes this week's piece of short fiction.

# Opinion

# Editor's Commentary

BY VAL STIEGLITZ

## Making an effort

There is only one responsible position to take on th matter of nuclear waste, and Pug Ravenel has been th state's only candidate for U.S. Senate to take i Whatever you think about the necessity of turning t nuclear power to solve our energy needs, whatever yo think about the technical questions of plutoniu generation, waste water treatment and fallou safeguards, one point is incontravertable; nuclea power facilities produce huge amounts of radioactiv waste which must be stored somewhere.

Until we have decided what we're going to do wit this toxic junk, it is sheer stupidity to produce more of it

The state's two leading Republicans - Stro Thurmond and James Edwards - are unabashed supporters of nuclear development. They ar untroubled by health and environmental question and parrot the industry's assurances that all is for th best.

Tons of highly radioactive waste lie beneath the ground's surface at the Savannah River Plant, an more at the Chem Nuclear facility near Barnwell. Th federal government considers these location temporary lodging, having failed to establish a clea waste policy or set up a permanent waste storage facility. Before you breathe a sigh of relief at the wor "temporary," though, remember that the half-lives o these radioactive materials stretch into the thousand of years.

The industry says the waste is being stored in containers which will prevent leakage, but the fact o the matter is that there is an almost daily flow o radioactive materials into the state's ecosystem. Th containers have been known to crack and corrode.

South Carolina has been called a dumping ground fo nuclear waste, and the description is not too wide of th mark. Anyone running for statewide office in the stat has a clear obligation to address a few basic question

- what does the federal government intend to do wit the tons of waste now resting "temporarily" in Sout Carolina?

- until a decision is made, should more waste b produced?

- how will the waste be transported out or into th state in the future?

- what are the biological effects of continued low-leve exposures to South Carolinians?

Thus far, only Ravenel has tried to outline a policy addressing these broad queries. He says that nuclea power is not a "promising source" of energy unti satisfactory ways of dealing with the waste ar developed. In a brochure laying out his stands o several issues, Ravenel asserts that nuclear fue reporcessing plants like the one at Barnwell wil become "dumping grounds" for waste, cites the health hazards involved and, in effect, calls for a halt to ou fascination with nuclear energy.

Nuclear critics have aptly compared the industry's attitude to that of a man jumping out of an airplane, hoping to design a parachute before hitting the ground. Most people working with nuclear power have a very benign sense of its dangers. Couched in the aura of technical jargon, nuclear energy can be made to sound

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# Cheap Shots

## Swapping politics and news

The relationship of journalists to politicians is, in many cases, similar to the relationship between industry and the government agencies that regulate them. It's a two-sided coin of conflict and coziness.

Witness the number of former news people working for one or another of the statewide campaigns presently going on in South

For the Turnipseed campaign, Glenda Suber is overseeing field operations and acting as press secretary.
secretary.

"The switch (between journalism and politics) is very easy to make," she says. Suber has worked for SCETV, WOIC radio, WWDM-FM in Sumter and had been a stringer for the Mutual Black Radio Network. She has also been a press aide in the campaigns of Julian Bond and Columbian Hemphill Pride. She says she has no trouble travelling that revolving door between politics and journalism.

Gene Cantrell, Raymon Finch's campaign manager, comes from a newspaper family. His family owned a chain of weeklies in tennessee, he worked with the Knoxville Journal and eventually owned five weeklies. He thinks most news people get out of the business because of the low pay. Does switching between journalism and politics tarnish you in any way?

"It does something to your credibility," he concedes.

The media coordinator for the Finch campaign, Polly Jernigan, worked for Collier's magazine in Washington and Charleston's News and Courier.

Bryan Dorn has picked up an interesting case with the addition of Dick Harpootlian to his staff. Harpootlian was one of the founding editors of OSCEOLA in 1972 and worked at the paper until January, 1975, when he went to work in solicitor Jim Anders' office. He is getting an administrative leave from the solicitor's office to work with the Dorn campaign.

Harpootlian worked in his first campaign while still a member of the OSCEOLA staff, helping elect Bill Campbell to the State House. "When someone covers politics the way I did, they get involved and want to become part of it because they think they can do it better than the people doing it," he says.

The Dick Riley effort includes former newsman Marion Brown as press secretary. Brown worked for several years as reporter and managing editor of the Marlboro Herald - Advocate in Bennetsville.

Mari Maseng, with two years at Charleston's Evening Post under her belt, just recently joined the Thurmond campaign as press secretary. She got involved in it because she wanted to see "the other side." Demonstrating the rapidity with which she has learned the language of politics, she told OSCEOLA that a return to journalism was "definitely among the possibilities" after the campaign.

Ed Young's press secretary, Van Newman, is a former sportswriter for the State-Record, as well as former news director for WBTW-TV in Florence.

## Holocaust insurance!?

Amid all the activity surrounding the Barnwell nuclear fuel reprocesing plant - the Palmetto Alliance's plans for a late-month protest and the company's search for what amounts to a federal bail-out - a key development has gone largely unremarked.

This is the new uncertainty of federal Price - Anderson insurance backing provided the nuclear industry.

Years ago, when companies began building nuclear plants, there were no clear guidelines for establishing liability in case of accidents. No one wanted to insure the companies, and investors were leery about putting up cash with no insurance coverage. The federal government helpfully stepped in.

Price-Anderson legislation set the limit of liability at $560 million. This gave insurance companies and investors something to work around, and nuclear plants began to spring up.

The Supreme Court, however, is slated to reconsider the constitutionally of Price-Anderson before June. If it rules that this cap on liability constitutes a potential violation of the rights of possible victims of a disaster, the industry will be back where it started; with unlimited liability.

Jim Buckham, vice-president of the Allied Nuclear Services plant in Barnwell, won't say this will cut the legs out from under the industry but does say that investors will need something less risky than unlimited liability. This, of course is a nice way of saying they'll scatter like ducks if Price-Anderson is knocked down.

Something should be known by June.

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# Statewide

# Right-wing revelries

## Kicking Carter with the state GOP

by Jill Abramson

If conventions are supposed to give the party faithful a chance to make a little whoopee and flex their political muscles, then the delegates who converged on the state GOP convention at Township Auditorium in Columbia on Saturday got what they came for.

Each of the state GOP luminaries, Sen. Strom Thurmond, and gubernatorial candidates Ed Young and Raymon Finch tried to outdo one another on the convention floor. If at times these demonstrations lacked a certain spontaneity, there was good reason.

As this reporter arrived at the convention, several blonde teenage girls, decked out in straw boaters, were practicing their "Youth Loves Strom" routine for the Senator's arrival. Unfortunately, one of these cute young things was almost trampled by one of the Senator's overzealous aides when Thurmond finally appeared at the podium and confusion developed when a "Welcome Senator Strom Thurmond" had trouble unfurling.

The floor demonstrations for gubernatorial candidates

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# Backstage with the Finch forces

## No dirty tricks, just fun?

by Nancy Higgins

Tired of the noise, lights and campaigning on the floor of the South Carolina Republican Convention, a young woman retreated to the restrooms in the basement. She walked into one of the stalls, closed the door, and found a man smiling at her. It was Raymon Finch, a candidate for the party's gubernatorial nomination. More accurately, it was a Finch campaign poster.

"I thought it was kind of cute, to tell you the truth," she said later.

"As long as he doesn't wink at you, you're okay," her husband said. He found the same decorations in the men's restroom.

It was all part of the effort to win the hearts and minds of the leaders of the state's Republican party who attended last weekend's meeting at the Township Auditorium. Finch campaign manager Gene Cantrell, an ex-newspaperman imported from Tennessee, says the Finch forces don't plan to make renting johns a regular part of their effort. "We had already rented the space before I realized that was where the restrooms were. That was just an extra bonus."

Preparations for the convention began weeks before. The Township, Cantrell says, has a policy of renting space to two people at one time. As soon as the location of the convention was announced, "we zipped over there right fast and leased the other level of the auditorium. They got the basement for the standard price, $300.

A group of youthful (not Young) Republicans spent

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# Statewide

# Backstage with the Finch forces

(Continued From Page 3)

part of the week before the convention at Finch headquarters making 300 signs to use in the demonstration on the convention floor. The hand-made signs look "a lot more genuine," Cantrell believes. "We turned all those people loose to do what they want," he says. "If I had had control of it, I wouldn't have let them put some of those tacky things on them."

The real fun and games began about 11:45 p.m. Friday when the Finch people met at the Township to begin decorating the basement and auditorium. Technically, the signs and banners weren't to be put up until 7 a.m. on Saturday. However, the Finch group noticed some Young signs in the auditorium while they were preparing "the underground" on Friday. After that, Cantrell says, "we were told we had the green light and I've interpreted that to my advantage." He won't say where he got the key to the auditorium.

"By the way, when you write this, this has nothing to do with dirty tricks," he says. "It's a big game and it's fun."

The "game" part of the convention is obviously very important to Cantrell. He maintains the primary purpose of their many and varied activities is to impress the delegates with Finch and his campaign organization.

A big part of the preparations on Friday involved inflating 1,500 balloons. Some would decorate the signs which identified each county's delegation. Most would cascade down on the convention when Finch was introduced. The project even had a code name — "Baby."

Cantrell went to the extreme of hiring a security guard. He was supposed "to go around and look very official" — and scare away anyone who might try to damage their banners or touch the rope which would release the balloons.

Although he admits he "kind of likes" Ed Young, Cantrell talks wistfully about an abandoned idea of changing the "v" in the "Be a Young Lover" signs to an "s". He claims they seriously considered bringing a baby elephant on to the convention floor. There was some question about who would be liable for toes the elephant might step and who would clean up after him. Also, he adds, "we didn't want to go to the point of overkill."

The preparations continued until about 5 a.m. Saturday. Volunteers and campaign employees decorated a stage upon which a bluegrass band would play and erected tables which would be used to serve 2,000 sandwiches and unnumbered soft drinks to the delegates. A closed circuit television would give delegates a preview of the Finch commercials. There was a photo display which featured Finch and his supporters. One picture shows Finch superimposed over a photograph of the statehouse. Two bolts of lightning were striking the right side of the building (subtle, huh?).

During these elaborate preparations, the reason for it all, Finch, was nowhere to be seen. Cantrell says the candidate didn't even know what they were doing on his behalf. "The candidate doesn't run the campaign, except for Tom Turnipseed," he says. Finch may be happier that way.

Most Republicans devoted Friday night to what one delegate called "P and P,-partying and politicking. But they were at the auditorium early Saturday.

Strom Thurmond was grabbing every hand in sight, even those attached to yellow press ribbons. He didn't look all that bad for a man his age, particularly one who had "entertained" so many people at his house party the night before.

Gov. James Edwards had taken his turn berating the Democrats and was chatting with anyone who wandered by. "We don't have too many conflicts this year and I think we're even going to be able to get a platform so the people know what we really stand for." He laughs and adds "That's not fair, it it?"

Rep. Floyd Spence, who was still waiting to go to the podium was in a jovial mood too. "I can remember the time when all the Republicans in the state could be counted right here," he said gesturing at a couple dozen people in the corridor. "I'm surprised that half of them are even up and around today" after the carousing Friday night.

Shelley Mills, a pretty high school student from Richland County, was munching on a Finch sandwich as she gave away literature and hawked T-shirts at the Young table. "She didn't do it, I did," her mother replies when Shelley was asked why she took sustenance from the enemy. Mrs. Mills, who was obviously undecided, was wearing stickers for both gubernatorial candidates. "It's bad when you have two good men," she explains.

Seven South Carolina Law Enforcement Division agents wandered amid the Republican. They were easily identified by the earphones which snaked up between their collars, and their conservative suits which were not adorned with campaign badges. "We're keeping the peace," one of the agents jokes. "If we weren't here, it would have been total chaos."

We've got 'em all on a trial visit for the weekend. Dr. Hall let them out," Lt. Walter Powell counters, referring to two of his younger colleagues.

The convention, he said, is quiet. The only problem he heard of was a rumor two men settled a political argument by slapping each other with sandwiches.

Rodney Shealy, chairman of the Lexington County delegation, was watching the convention from the alternates' seats. A veteran Republican at the ripe old age of 24, he has been active in the party for 12 years. He is supporting Thurmond "because my daddy was for him and my granddaddy before him," he says. But he quickly corrects himself, "no, not really. I honestly believe he's the best man in the race."

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Douglas sat in folding chairs in a corridor near the entrance to the auditorium. Douglas, a free-lance writer from Mt. Pleasant, was waiting to speak to the convention. At 54, he is old enough to remember the Dixiecrats of the 1940's. This doesn't keep either of the Douglases from supporting Thurmond. Back in 1941, he said, "I didn't have no damn use for the Germans and Japanese. People change.

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# Public Policy

## Will foreign investment raise income?

By Brian Wallace

Industrial development is seen by many as a panacea for the economic ills of South Carolina. We currently have a candidate for Lieutenant Governor who says that the holder of that office should spend all his time luring in outside industry. We have a state bureaucracy, the State Development Board, that spends about $3 million a year to attract commerce and industry to this state. Finally, we have political controversies arising from decisions of large corporations (notably Phillip Morris and BASF) not to establish plants in this state.

South Carolina and other southern states are trying to outdo one and another in their attempts to bring in outside investment. They offer incentives ranging from industrial revenue bonds to tax holidays for new industrial investments. One indication of the success of these attempts at industrial growth in our state can be found in the number of foreign firms that have decided to set up manufacturing plants here.

By the end of 1977 there were 85 foreign-owned manufacturing establishments in this state. There were at least another 24 foreign companies involved in non-manufacturing pursuits. While these firms have occasionally caught the public eye (as when the Kuwaitis decided to buy Kiawah Island or the West German firm BASF wanted to build a plant near Hilton Head), for the most part these foreign companies have received little attention.

This foreign involvement needs to be looked at for two reasons. First, it shows us the degree to which the state is tied to the international economy. Second, it raises questions about the wisdom behind our state's approach to industrial development.

Foreign investment in South Carolina did not begin to expand until the mid-1960s. At the beginning of 1960 the value of foreign manufacturing investments in this state was $79.6 million. By 1977 this figure had increased to more than 26 times this amount. At the beginning of this year it stood at $2.1 *billion*. In 1977 alone, more than $400 million was invested by foreign companies.

From 1960 through 1977, foreign industrial investments in S.C. have averaged more than 20 percent of total industrial investments. This gives these firms a substantial input into the state's industrial economy. These investments have been concentrated in the northwestern corner of the state. 30 of the 85 foreign industrial plants are located in either Greenville or Spartanburg.

These firms are affiliated primarily with European companies, although the Japanese do have some significant investments. The largest source of these investments is West Germany, which is responsible for 36 percent of total foreign investment in this state. Germany is followed by Great Britain, 21 percent; France, 20 percent; Japan, 11 percent; the Netherlands, 8 percent. Smaller investments come from Austria, Belgium, Canada, Switzerland and South Africa.

The foreign firms which invest in South Carolina include some of the largest corporations in the world. Among these are Michelin from France; Hoechst and BASF from West Germany, and Dunlop Tire and Imperial Chemical Industries from Great Britain.

This foreign investment has gone primarily into the chemical industry (which makes up 54 percent of the total) and in lesser amounts in metalworking (16 percent), paper and printing (9 percent), and textiles (3 percent). The relative insignificance of textiles in this foreign investment can be seen as helpful for diversifying the state's industrial employment (the majority of which is in

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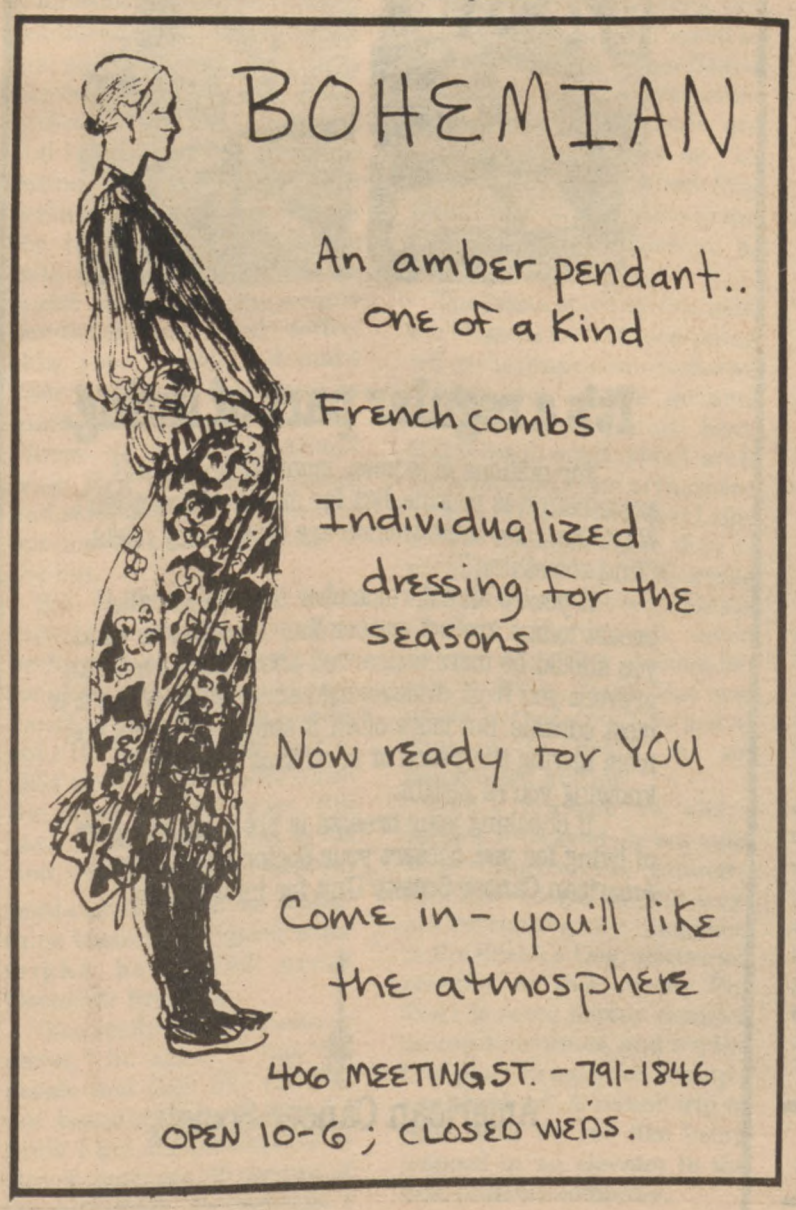
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# Right-wing revelries

(Continued From Page 3)

Ed Young and Raymon Finch were even more contrived. A group of so-called "Young Lovers" danced onto the convention floor wearing snappy red T shirts and managed to whip up a little enthusiasm for their candidate for about three minutes.

But Raymon Finch, obviously wanting to leave a big impression with the delegates, took the cake. As his campaign's "Let's Win Again" balloons cascaded down from the ceiling and searchlights followed the candidate's progress across the floor, at least thirty Finch supporters thumped and cheered for their man. Spurred on by Finch campaign aides brandishing walki-talkies, the Finch groupies (most of them well under the legal voting age) were successful in making a great deal of noise. (One of them not-so-cleverly deposited her weapon on the press table, a freon can called Super Sound, which is so noisy it can be used as a police alert by victims of crime). So much for spontaneity.

If there was a theme that united the day's events it was, in two simple words, Jimmy Carter. From the first speaker to the last, the knife was thrust into the President's back and twisted. Governor Edwards, after paying lengthy tribute to his own accomplishments in office, began the avalanche of criticism by telling the delegates, "the best thing we have going for us is the White House." Senator Thurmond continued in this vein by giving his usual tirade against the Panama Canal Treaties, as delegates help up signs reading "Keep the Canal, Give Away Carter."

National GOP Chairman, Bill Brock, the convention's guest speaker, delivered a sharp attack on Carter's defense and economic policies saying, "We elected him to the White House on an absolute tidal wave of promises. Now, we see the debris of those promises all around us."

Brock, who has made national headlines by urging GOP leaders at the state and local level to open their arms to blacks and organized labor, made no mention of these aims at the convention. In fact, he sounded more like a Reaganite hard-liner than the onciliatory moderate he is supposed to be. Witness Brock's rhetoric: "You prevent war by letting your enemy know you'll be fighting in their home towns, not ours."

Dropping his appeal to embrace all elements of the GOP (liberals included) during his Palmetto state visit, Brock appeared to be following the counsel of those who argue that the only concerns of the ultra right-wing southern GOP are a big defense and limited spending. Or, to put it more bluntly, the former Tennessee Senator was operating under the old double standard which dictates, "When in conservative country, talk conservative."

But the person who brought the convention roof down wasn't Edwards, Thurmond, Young, Finch or Brock. It was conservative columnist Earl Douglas.

Douglas, a middle-aged black South Carolinian, writes a column that appears in the Charleston *Evening Post*, the Lynchburg *Advance* (a Virginia daily which gained national attention by running an election day banner headline which read "Vote Miller, Not Socialism.") and the ultra-conservative Manchester *Union Leader*. Douglas' rousing address went somewhere to the right of Barry Goldwater. On liberals, Douglas had this quip —

"Liberals' brains are located somewhere between their hips." On the Voting Rights Act and liberal legislation, — "Liberals think black folks are the stupidest people in the world, and we were, for listening to them in the first place." On Strom Thurmond — "There are 'been heres' and 'come heres'. Strom's a been here." And on liberals, again — "Every time you hear the liberals talking about race, there's a communist in the woodpile."

Even Governor Edwards has called Douglas a hard - liner, so that gives you some idea how right-wing he is. And the delegates ate up every word. Immediately after his speech, a resolution was introduced mandating that a complete tape and transcript of the Douglas talk be made available to the delegates.

After most of the hoopla was over, the delegates settled down to approve their party's platform. As if the strong planks against repeal of the state's right-to-work law, against public employee "unionization", and resolutions against the Canal treaties and the Labor Reform Bill didn't make the party's stance sufficiently conservative, the delegates passed an additional plank condemning the Equal Rights Amendment. The platform also called for "back to the basics" education and exit examinations, reform of the way magistrates are selected, and holding primaries in September instead of June.

Party Chairman Dan I Ross was re-elected without opposition and in the only contested election of a party officer, Nancy Hawks beat fellow Charlestonian Ruth Glover for First Vice Chairman.

The delegates left feeling confident about victory at the polls in November, claiming, ironically enough, that the Grand Old Party will glide into office on President Carter's raggedy coattails.

# Backstage with the Finch forces

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Today Japan and West Germany are our best allies, aren't they? I think it's a good paralell."

By 3 p.m., the convention is nearly over. The supporters of the former Congressman from Florence have urged the delegates to be "Young lovers." The Finch balloons have fallen and his theme song has blared over the loudspeaker. The candidates have had their say.

The adoption of a platform, which is presumably serious business, is still to come. Even so, spectators and some delegates have begun to drift toward the doors of the Township. Those who remain are left to wonder about the rumors that the invulnerable Strom Thurmond is in for a tough race and to ponder the ironies of being conservatives in a heavily conservative and, at the same time, Republicans in a heavily Democratic state.

# Commentary

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awfully attractive. But ask some questions. Realize that somebody is going to be living with tons of poisonous sludge at their doorstep for thousands of years. Ask yourself if you'd like to be this person.

Then ask why the senior Senator from South Carolina has not addressed the issue in 24 years in Washington. The stuff is right here in our state. Leaving it in the ground "temporarily" is not good enough. And Pug Ravenel seems to be aware that it isn't.


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If checking your breasts is not a regular part of living for you, contact your doctor or your local American Cancer Society Unit for information.

American Cancer Society

# Metro Columbia

## Eating in the funky city

# Two holes in two walls

By Dan Lackey

Where do you turn when you find yourself trapped on foot in downtown Columbia, staggering about in search of some little place for a very, very quick bite to eat? There are no doubt hundreds of tiny spots within a walking radius of our four Big Banks, on the corners of Washington and Main Streets, clamoring for the chance of giving you one hell of a great fast feed. Two very small and interesting places recently caught this reporter's eye--and palate.

Bill's Place is a small, rectangular hole in the lower left hand corner of the Federal Building, next to the Richland County Courthouse on Washington Street. Bill's Place poses deep philosophical questions: How many angels can dance on the head of a hot dog? How many college freshmen can you cram into a phone-booth? And how many regular standup lunchers can you squeeze into a short order sandwich shop the size of one-and-a-half public elevators? Bill Harrington himself never seems to worry over such metaphysical matters--he's too busy dispatching orders with a sort of magician's speed. Harrington can wrap a sandwich, pour your coffee, take your money and make your change so quickly as to make you feel you've been the victim of a sleight-of-hand trick. Egg salad sandwiches and tuna-fish sandwiches and hot-dogs are the specialty of the hut.

Bill Harrington has been doing a more-or-less solo performance in this little box for almost fourteen years. (His daughter does drop in to help out.) He took over the spot in 1964 from a fellow who'd run the place for two years. Bill says he tripled business in his first year by making his own sandwiches. And he maintains business, enjoying what might be called great Customer Rapport.

"You really wanna know my secret," he says. "I like the people and they like me. I'm not braggin on myself but I think I got the personality to stay in business. 95 percent of my customers are regulars. I know their names, call them by name, know what kind of sandwich they usually want, how they take their coffee."

This is no boast. Bill's little space is the culinary counterpart of the corner barber shop. Conviviality there is of the men-in-groups sort, since the ladies generally order to go. Regular klatches of white-collar workers stop there everyday for their on-foot feasts; they come mostly from surrounding businesses, and a god many trickle over dutifully from the Court House. (In fact, when the Court House is moved out to Main Street, Bill expects a huge dent in his business.) Bill seems to serve his best pals with the studied efficiency of an uppity valet; and there may even be a secret elite of about half-dozen who actually enjoy the luxury of a charge account.

Over the years, customers have brought to Bill a number of those crazy little signs you buy at the carnival. Tacked to the shelves and camouflaged among the various accessories of the short-order trade are such renowned gems as "In God We Trust, All Others Pay Cash" and "Complaints to the Cook can be Hazardous to your Health."

The signs spice up the joint but slogans are to the on-going wit of the proprietor what mere medals are to the genuine strength of a military hero. Bill talks in quick, short, gruff phrases, and some of the jokes he gets off are like playful jabs in the ribs. Since the door is propped open on sufficiently warm days, and there is plenty of light, there's not much danger of getting claustophobia in Bill's Place. But you might harbor a realistic fear of choking to death on an unexpected guffaw.

Don't traipse in there looking for a good-ole-boy side-show. Drop by if you're hungry (Bill's hot-dogs, by the way, are corrupting my allegience to the Frank's Dog, celebrated recently in this space). But there is some homey repartee on tap sometimes, and it's the best place to eat standing up I can think of. A recent trip to Bill's was for me like being trapped in an elevator in the best possible company.

But you can sit down at Bill's, if you really want to. There is a picnic table out back behind some garbage-cans in an alley-like crevice between two buildings. Occasionally, you will actually see some handsome woman in high-heels and a bright spring dress eating her lunch back there. A statuesque tribute, no doubt, to the quality of the food.

**********

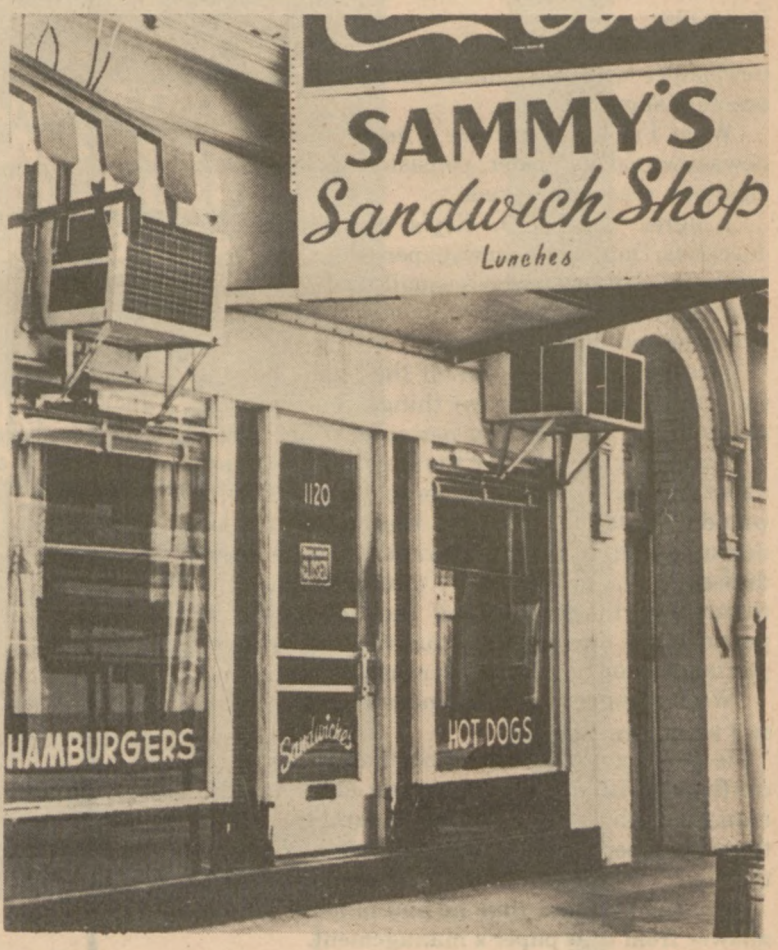
There isn't much of a view from a table by the window in Sammy's Sandwich Shop. You can look out across Taylor Street and see only the huge light-pink side wall of Laurie's Department Store, blank except for a mouse-hole of a store facade, actually the windowed back entrance to the Florsheim Shoe department. But what view there is is kind of funny. That big wall, that tiny store entrance...

At any rate, you can take pause to catch your breath and contemplate the sight. Sammy's is a good place for an equally quick but perhaps more reflective week-day lunch. Only one block off Main Street (on Taylor) it's well out of the glare and week-day bustle of our down-trodden town. And two vintage 1950's fans are presently doing sentry duty against the impending summer heat and humidity. It's rarely crowded, and customers tend to make their entrances and exits in an orderly succession, like characters in a one-act play by William Inge.

Sammy's is about twice the size of Bill's Place, and it seems like the personal kitchen of Mrs. Georgette Saleeby, a nice serious lady with an Arabic accent. Mrs. Saleeby and her husband Sammy have owned and operated the place since 1964. Mr. Saleeby still opens up around 8 a.m. but when his wife comes in around nine or nine-thirty, he takes off across the rive to work where the real action is--at his son Alan's highly touted **Sambino's Deli and Lebanese Food** in West Columbia's Capitol Square Shopping Center.

Mrs. Saleeby's food-service credo is: "If you cannot eat what you sell, don't sell it." Her menu includes some tasty hamburger sandwiches, a long list of Kosher style sandwiches, and desserts such as cheese and coffee cake. Not to mention some very good potato salad. "Everything I make, I make fresh," says Mrs. Saleeby.

Bill's Place — Photo by Aimee Frank




Sammy's Sandwich Shop — Photo by Aimee Frank

# S.C. Sketchbook

## Gaining a filing cabinet

by Coke Ellington

The city editor arrived at the newspaper office as usual one morning about 7:40.

He saw a stack of file folders and other debris on his desk. He wondered where these things had come from until he noticed that next to his desk, where his filing cabinet had been, there was only bare carpet.

Six or eight feet away, next to the desk of a reporter who had needed a filing cabinet, there was one.

The city editor moved the folders and other junk aside and began the day's work.

A copy editor said that the evening before the publisher, executive editor and managing editor had been involved in the slight rearranging of office furniture. When he came in, the new possessor of the filing cabinet was embarrassed, but his appeal to return the metal box to its previous location was in vain.

A few hours later, after the executive editor had been in for awhile, he invited the aggrieved one into his office and apologized. He said he had meant to call and explain that the cabinet, which had long been offered, was being taken forthwith. He added, "This is the worst thing I've ever done to you."

Looking back on that remark, the city editor decided it was grossly inaccurate.

The worst thing the executive editor had done to him, he decided, was withholding from him some six months earlier the fact that his replacement was being sought.

The ad in Editor & Publisher, giving only a box number for replies, said in part, "We're looking first for 2 top-notch managers with solid experience. Call one a city editor, the other a managing editor."

"Surely," thought the city editor, "that can't be my paper. We already have a city editor and a managing editor."

So he blithely wrote a letter that included the following:

"I'm a frustrated idealist looking for a niche in a newspaper with high ideals and commensurate accomplishments."

"What I'm looking for is a newspaper with a news-oriented publisher, consistent policies and clear-out, reasonable goals.

"I agree with V.O. Key's comment about Josephus Daniels: 'A newspaper editor who can call his soul his own, who is usually right, and who has the courage to express his views can exert a powerful and lasting influence.'

"I believe that members of the public have a right to know a great many things, including the policies under which their newspapers operate.

"Assuming that some of the facts you now know about me have made a favorable impression, I would like to know a few things about your newspaper. In addition to normal curiosity about duties, pay, chance for advancement, the community in general and the newspaper in particular, I have a few questions I consider pertinent. (You might consider them impertinent.)

"What's happening to the incumbent city editor and managing editor?"

He never got an answer, but months later he confirmed with the new managing editor and the managing editor who had risen to executive editor that the paper where he was working had placed the ad.

It wasn't the first time he had failed to get an answer from that paper's management.

The summer before the ad was published he requested a meeting with the publisher to discuss his future with the newspaper. A two-hour meeting gave him no information on pay ceiling, chance for advancement or anything else he was interested in. The meeting ended with the understanding that after he presented a goal, the management would help him map a career path.

Maybe the memo he wrote following that meeting sealed his doom.

It began:

"In the past when you've asked me what I thought should be done, I've often felt that you had already made up your mind what you were going to do. That's why, although you asked what I want to become in this business, I'm a little wary about telling you.

"I considered telling you I wanted to become the first journalist-astronaut, just to see what kind of career-path you'd plot, but I decided to be more serious.

"At this point I've been a city editor about four years of my life and I have no immediate prospects of being anything else. Therefore it's only logical for me to want to continue becoming a more effective city editor. Tentatively, after that I'd like to succeed (name deleted) as managing editor when you make him editor."

There followed five suggestions that the city editor thought would help him in his current post and give him some preparation for promotion.

(Need it be noted that not one of the five was carried out?)

The next interview in the publisher's office was a month or two after the filing cabinet incident. The publisher said, "I understand you're leaving us May 31." The city editor responded, "So I've been told."

The date had been set in this manner. One day in April the executive editor and managing editor called the city editor into an office and asked how his job-hunting was progressing. Then they told him that the new city editor would be arriving June 1 and the incumbent should plan on bowing out May 31. If he didn't have a job lined up by that time "further financial consideration" would be discussed.

Complicating the job-hunting and plans for departure was his application for a Nieman Fellowship. The possibility that he might be going to Harvard in September interfered with several potential jobs and his supervisors indicated that he might be able to remain at the paper in some other position until the fellowship began if he received it.

By May 23 he had written off the fellowship idea when he received a telephone call inviting him to meet with the Nieman selection committee the next afternoon at 5 in Washington.

The letter of regret came on May 30 and on the afternoon of May 31, with four weeks termination pay or conscience money in hand, he was umemployed.

That summer he spent reading a lot; doing some part-time journalistic odd-jobs; writing, calling and visiting prospective employers; and trying to sell free-lance stories, including this one.

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# Sports

## The Soccer Scene

# The All-Metro high school team

By Don Belt

Announcing the first *Osceola* All-Metro High School soccer team. All selections were contemplated, unsolicited, pre-meditated, debated, purely instinctive, independently wealthy, pasteurized, fully-measured, off the wall and final with regard to racial quotas, job security, national origin or team affiliation. No politics snuck into the room while we were hunkered over the ballot box. This is not a meat parade. It means what you want it to mean. Period. The envelope, please.

**OSCEOLA All-Metro Team**

COACH: Nicky Joseph

ASSISTANT: Joe Wingard
K David Whittington
B Mark Stewart
Jim Wallace (captain)
Robbie Woodward
B George Burley
M Wendell Holmes
M Joe Hallinan
M Kevin Miller
S Emmer Chavez
S Larry Moshelle
S David Kyle

**SECOND TEAM**

K Jimbo Coutsos
B Hunter Gibbes
B Hyo Kim
B Jim Lloyd
M Jimmy Biga
M Craig Otto
M Chang Chae (captain)
S Leslie Shelton
S Winston Husband
S Robert Shelton
S Craig Adams

**HONORABLE MENTION**

Shawn Tolan
Kenny Simmons
James Cook
Rhett Huffman
J.D. Kyzer

**HOT CHILI PEPPERS (and still growing)**

Jerry Knox (Flora), Walt Dorn (Dreher), David Thomas, (Spring Valley), Oliver Davis (Columbia), Ralph Knoble (Lower Richland), Aaron Sa'adah, (C.A. Johnson), Dennis Jarrell (Columbia), Usop Chae (Spring Valley), Mike Kell (Airport).

**SPECIAL AWARDS**

**Most Improved:** Jimmy Biga (Irmo)

**Yank Albers "Edge City" Award** (for all-round soccer madness): Jimbo Coutsos (Keenan).

**Making the Best of a Bad Situation:** Warner Montgomery and the whole C.A. Johnson team.

**True Grit:** Kevin Jumper (Brookland-Cayce)

**********

ETV's Mimi Wortham isn't exactly tunnelling around in all the mail they've gotten on the subject, but she reports that they have decided to carry this series of West German pro games beginning on Saturday morning, May 6, at 9 o'clock. This is an important step in our direction and we all owe them thanks.

**********

There's a wild and wooly S.C.A.S.L. game coming to Memorial Stadium this Sunday afternoon, when the Columbia Soccer Club hosts the powerful French team Michelin in a sink-or-swim struggle for the leadership of the Western Division.

Michelin is the only team to beat Columbia so far, 3-1 last February in Anderson, but they have since been upset by Augusta to even things. The French team features a rugged five-man defense, led by team captain and human tank Ingoff Steig at sweeper--and a speedy ball-pirate at midfield named Maurice Lebeau. Michelin must win this game to stay alive in the division. Columbia, on the other hand, is way ahead on goal aggregate (the tie-breaking system) and needs either a win or a tie to virtually waltz into the state finals against Eastern Division dynamo Almost Nuts.

**EVENTS**

**Sunday, April 16:**

12 noon--Columbia Women's Soccer Club game (USC field)

2 PM--S.C.A.S.L. Matches:

**EAST**

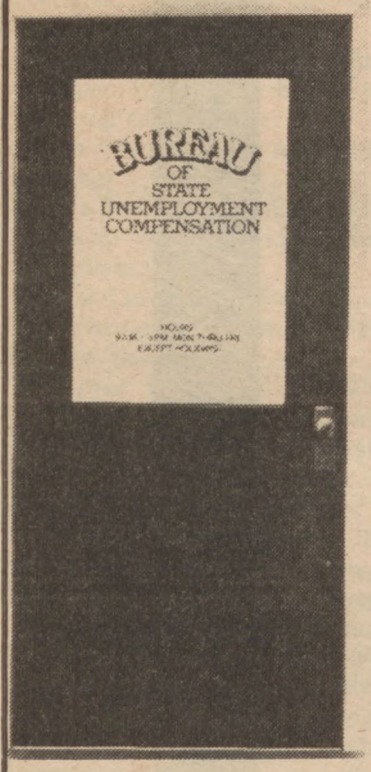
Myrtle Beat at Almost Nuts
Anchor Continental at Florence
Coastal Carolina at T and T

**WEST**

Michelin at Columbia
Rockhill at Augusta
Spartanburg at Greenwood


**My doctor pronounced me cured of cancer.**

**My boss didn't.**




My boss didn't understand that I was healthy again.

So I was let go.

A lot of people are like my boss. They think that everyone dies of cancer. I thought so, too. Until the American Cancer Society, through one of its service and rehabilitation programs helped me return to a normal life.

The ACS also has local Units that help Americans who've never had cancer understand it better.

Today, more and more cancer is a curable disease. Ignorance about cancer is curable, too.

American Cancer Society



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# Will the Barnwell plant ever operate?

## Not as commercial plant, says company vice-president

By Val Stieglitz

And Suzanne Rhodes

**Allied-General Nuclear Services is a multi-national corporation comprised of Allied Chemical Corporation, Gulf Oil and Royal Dutch Shell. The corporation plans to receive waste fuel rods from approximately 50 reactors each year at its Barnwell plant. The spent fuel would be opened; waste products would be separated from the potentially marketable uranium and plutonium.**

**After a series of treatments the uranium and plutonium might be used together to re-fuel about two existing nuclear reactors with a "mixed-oxide" fuel; or, alternately, the uranium and plutonium might be used in the "breeder" reactors which would create, or "breed" more plutonium while generating electricity.**

**Although critics claim that numerous social and technical problems must be solved before either the "mixed oxide" or "breeder" reactors can operate, the corporation has built facilities in Barnwell, South Carolina, to store waste fuel rods prior to reprocessing, to separate uranium and plutonium from other waste products, and to alter the reclaimed uranium into an oxide form. Two or three significant facilities must be constructed at Barnwell before the AGNS plant is operational: (1) a plant to solidify waste products into a form which can be safely stored or transported; (2) a plant to treat plutonium so it can be safely transported; possibly (3) a plant to make the plutonium product into a fuel. Westinghouse Nuclear Fuel Recycle plant in Anderson has been proposed to accomplish this third plutonium fuel product. It is possible that, if plutonium becomes ultimately utilized as a commercial fuel, the Westinghouse plant would be located at Barnwell to minimize the problems of transporting a material which could be potentially used to make a nuclear weapon.**

**Osceola talked recently with Dr. James Buckham, AGNS vice-president, about the future of the Barnwell plant. Since April, 1977, when President Carter attacked the problem of nuclear proliferation by seeking a hold on the use of plutonium, the future of the AGNS plant has been in question.**

**OSCEOLA:** There is considerable confusion surrounding the future of the Barnwell plant. Do you have a clear conception of what you want the plant to become over the next five or ten years?

**Buckham:** I think I do. But I'm not sure how we're going to get there. There are at least three major obstacles and I think I can get at your question best by outlining the major problems the plant faces first. The biggest one is the whole issue of nuclear proliferation. We're all concerned that we derive the benefits of nuclear power without contributing to proliferation. I am personally satisfied that, when all is said and done, enough can be done to the plutonium that comes out of the fuel cycle that it will be impractical to make a weapon from it. Once we reach that point, where we can alter the product, that issue will largely disappear.

**OSCEOLA:** What are you doing here to help alter this fuel cycle?

**Buckham:** As part of the fiscal 1978 federal budget, we've got around $13 million for research and development to seek better ways of safeguarding the fuel cycle.

**OSCEOLA:** You also signed a contract with the Department of Energy. What did you agree to in this contract?

**Buckham:** We've agreed with them on a specific scope of work. It's divided, basically, into five tasks. The first is to study spent fuel storage and handling, possible better ways of doing it. Right now, of course, we aren't allowed to process it, so we've got to store it somewhere. The second is safety evaluation and testing. There are two aspects here; physical security — making sure no one who shouldn't can get to the fuel — and accountability — making sure nothing is disappearing, making sure everything is accounted for. We have to do this, what with the rise in terrorist groups throughout the world. The third is examining ways of altering the fuel cycle to make the plutonium difficult to use in any kind of weapon. The fourth is looking at ways of adapting this facility to process thorium-based fuels rather than uranium. The fifth is just maintenance and support.

**OSCEOLA:** Right now no one seems to know whether the Barnwell plant is going to end up in private or public hands, or some hybrid of the two. Has the commercial market for the product you were intended to produce decreased, and has this made you more open to some sort of public support arrangement?

**Buckham:** Well, the market really doesn't exist, because at this moment you're not permitted to recycle plutonium in this country. You can't sell a product you can't make.

**OSCEOLA:** What about uranium?

**Buckham:** We don't consider it desirable to operate this plant solely for the sale of uranium. But we're not licensed, of course, to operate under any circumstances.

**OSCEOLA:** So what's going to happen?

**Buckham:** We've been saying that commercial operation is not likely, in our judgement. There are so many things, political things, affecting it, that we think, at least for a long time, commercial fuel reprocessing is not likely. If it's going to be done, it's going to be done under the auspices of the government.

**OSCEOLA:** Apparently, it looked like a much more profitable venture ten or fifteen years ago?

**Buckham:** It still could be a profitable venture, even now, except it isn't being allowed.

**OSCEOLA:** Is it true that the kinds of mixed oxide fuels you could produce are not as highly valued today as they once were?

**Buckham:** No, that's not true. While the cost of producing the product has gone up, so has the value of the product. The value of the product has to be measured by the cost of getting a suitable alternative. We still believe the value of the product greatly outweighs the total cost involved in getting them.

**OSCEOLA:** So you could make money selling your product?

**Buckham:** Yes.

**OSCEOLA:** Okay,you said the first big problem is profiferation. What's the second?

**Buckham:** The second issue that has come up is waste. The government has continually procrastinated in making regulations saying how the job has to be done. I don't consider it a technical problem. I think it's high time the government decided what it wants to do with waste. You know, there's bound to be some public skepticism until we demonstrate we can handle the waste safely. The ultimate goal is to take solidified waste and put it in a federal repository, somewhere in a deep cavern where the geologists say earthquakes are unlikely.

**OSCEOLA:** How has President Carter's decision to hold back on breeder development affected the economics of your facility?

**Buckham:** Well, there's no economics if there's no business. There are two places the plutonium from a plant like this could go. One is to supply initial fuel for the breeder, the other is to use it in facilities that exist now. But neither is permissable or possible today.

**OSCEOLA:** Do you feel, then, that the federal government has a responsibility for this plant?

**Buckham:** We consider that we were urged to get into this business by the federal government, and now can't consummate it. That's a fact.

**OSCEOLA:** But weren't you always told to proceed at your own risk. The atmosphere may have been one of encouragement, but it was made clear that you were proceeding at your financial risk. There were verbal assurances, but nothing on paper.

**Buckham:** You mean industry was silly to take the government's word? I think there was some gullibility. But familiar as I was with the mood of America at the time the plant was conceived, I could never have guessed it would end up the way it has. The country was saying "Go," and the sooner we got there, the better.

**OSCEOLA:** It seems, though, that the early decisions in favor of nuclear power were made without the involvement of the public, and the more the general public learned about it, the more their attitude began to change. Would you agree with that?

**Buckham:** This illusion is being spread by many, but I don't agree with it. There is the impression being created that the public is

## Third in a series

becoming anti-nuclear, but polls show but this just isn't so. A very large segment of public opinion is in favor of pursuing nuclear energy. Now, it's true the public wasn't involved in a lot of these decisions. But no company has to tell you what they're going to make in their factory. A dress company can make any style dress they want.

**OSCEOLA:** You mentioned that you were looking into processing thorium-based fuels. Have you applied for a state license?

**Buckham:** No. It's just a paper study, because one of the alternatives if you don't like plutonium is a thorium base.

**OSCEOLA:** You said you're also doing work on the waste fuel storage problem. I assume you are only interested in operating the plant as a whole, not just one of it's parts, like the waste fuel storage facility?

**Buckham:** Yes, we will not get into the storage business. First of all, it's a lousy business, second it's dependent on the whims of the government again, and thirdly, we don't think it's the proper direction for the country to be going.

**OSCEOLA:** Why is it a lousy business:

**Buckham:** There's no assured income, no easy way to calculate return on investment and the government could pull the rug out from under you at any minute. When you've got that much risk, the return on your investment has to be enormous, and no one's going to be willing to pay that much money for the service.

**OSCEOLA:** Will Barnwell be in private hands?

**Buckham:** We don't ever envision running it as a private endeavor. There are many ways the government could use this facility, and we think any future operation should be under the auspices of the government. Now, we may operate it for them.

**OSCEOLA:** What overtures have you made to the government in terms of getting into some kind of public arrangement?

**Buckham:** Well, this is one aspect of a study the Department of Energy is conducting right now, under what conditions and on what basis should the government consider taking over this facility? There are no negotiations or anything like that going on.

**OSCEOLA:** What would you want from the government? Would you want to recoup your investment, or part of it? Exactly what do you want?

**Buckham:** I'd rather not answer the question. What ought to be done depends on what is fair and proper, and what the government intends to use the plant for. If the government just paid us the dollars we paid for it in pre-inflation days, they'd be getting a bargain.

**OSCEOLA:** You don't rule out the possibility of selling out altogether?

**Buckham:** No.

**OSCEOLA:** Or, it may be some sort of contractual arrangement to operate it?

**Buckham:** A lease. Sure. So long as the ultimate responsibility lies with the government.

**OSCEOLA:** I keep coming back to the idea that what you are set up to do here may not be profitable any more. Just last month the Department of Energy came up with a draft report that questioned the necessity of the kind of reprocessing you can do here. Are you familiar with that draft?

**Buckham:** They said reprocessing is not necessary for safe management of waste. I agree with that, however that doesn't mean reprocessing isn't a better way of managing waste. It's not sensible to take the risk of simply dumping spent fuel rods into a federal repository. But I think it would be safe.

**OSCEOLA:** So the draft doesn't mean you are set up to do something which is not economical?

**Buckham:** No.

**OSCEOLA:** But why pay someone to reprocess if it's not necessary? Who would pay you to do your reprocessing?

**Buckham:** Reprocessing conserves the resources and provides an economic benefit that way. It's also a sensible thing to do.

**OSCEOLA:** What about the recovery of elements like krypton, that are radioactive and are produced during reprocessing?

**Buckham:** I don't think that anybody has proven that krypton recovery is a good idea. This is an interatnional matter. I don't think it hurts the population of the world, and I don't think there's any sense in the United States volunteering to recover what it produces alone. It's effect is miniscule, and it is very damn costly to recover it and I'm not convinced it's a worthwhile expenditure.

**OSCEOLA:** We're talking about low level radiation now. There is the argument that prolonged exposure to low level radiation is dangerous, is there not?

**Buckham:** Yes, and it's going to be a long time before that argument is resolved. I don't think anyone has proven there's any relationship between low level radiation and cancer. There may be ways to prove it, and I would love to see somebody answer the question. I just don't think it's harmful. I'm not in favor of krypton recovery. I really don't think the American public is concerned about low level radiation.

**OSCEOLA:** What about iodine and carbon-14?

**Buckham:** I don't think they're hazardous either, but they're relatively cheap to recover. We'd have no objection to that here. But if it's going to cost a whole lot of money, we've got to look at it very carefully.

**OSCEOLA:** What is the problem with this federal repository? Why hasn't one been established?

**Buckham:** The problem is that people are trying to do the job not only well enough, but as well as is conceivably possible. There's no reason to procrastinate. We've got the waste. We have to do something with it. This would have never happened in an organization with clear-cut purpose. But the government is something else.

**OSCEOLA:** Well, the purpose of the government is different from that of a private company. This leads us into the question of whether nuclear energy rightly belongs in the hands of public agencies or private firms. Given the public impact of something like nuclear energy, is it the right place for private enterprise?

**Buckham:** That's what we're saying. The federal government has brought itself into the business so much that we think it's not the place for private companies any longer. There's no reason a private company shouldn't be in the nuclear business, but the federal government has made it impossible.

**OSCEOLA:** I detect a combination of resignation and bitterness when you talk about what has happened here.

**Buckham:** Oh, no. Bitterness might be what you would expect as a reaction to the way things have happened. We're not bitter. We're still of the belief that nuclear power is of benefit to mankind, is cleaner, safer and more economical than any other energy source we have, and that we'll have to go to it. The rest of the world realizes this and is going ahead.

**OSCEOLA:** What would you like to see in the way of public input into decisions about nuclear energy?

**Buckham:** I think everyone ought to have the opportunity to state their case, then get on with it. There is too much opportunity for people with a narrow-minded perspective to stall things.

**OSCEOLA:** It seems like things are pretty much the way they were ten years ago.

**Buckham:** Things are worse than they were ten years ago!

**OSCEOLA:** I mean the issues are the same; what is going to happen with the plant, what is going to be done with the waste, is there a national strategy in regard to nuclear development. There seems to have been no movement on these questions.

**Buckham:** Well, it turned sour politically. There is no way to go. We want the same thing today that we wanted ten years ago; for the government to make up its mind what it wants. We're not going to pour millions of dollars into some guessing game. You've got to first tell us what you want. But that's why this will probably never be a private business. The government considers it too much their business.

**OSCEOLA:** Should the government consider it their business?

**Buckham:** Well, in many nations it is. If we're going to use it to barter with other nations, then it should be. I really, though, would like to see the government involved as little as possible. The government shouldn't execute something private business can do better. The government has too many arms and legs.

**OSCEOLA:** I take it, then, that you don't put much stock in the argument that nuclear energy should be under public control, through the government?

**Buckham:** Private enterprise has brought us to where we are. I don't think the government could have done it. They just aren't set up to do things as well. I'm really not a socialist.

# Reviews

# Mohammed's Records

## A music consumer's guide

by Scott Padgett

**The Patty Smith Group-'Easter' - (Artista):**

*"I've shambled all my life after people who interest me, because the only people for me are the mad ones, the ones who are mad to live, mad to talk, mad to be saved, desirous of everything at the same time, the ones who never yawn or say a commonplace thing, but burn, burn, burn." (ON THE ROAD).*

Patty Smith's personality and her music must make her one of the most 'interesting' performers in the field.

Her first album (Horses) juxtaposed rock and literary allusions against a high energy musical backdrop evocative of early Stones or Velvet Underground. On her next LP (Radio Ethiopia), the rock became secondary to the literary, and the iconoclasm of the lyrics produced a likewise effect on the listener.

Now on her third attempt, she's combined the two to give a raw nerved tour-de-force.

The open versed lyrics are as mystical and poetic as ever (the title cut is even a kind of anthem to Rimbaud), but this time the group's rock and roll isn't secondary to anything. On the A side, 'Tell Victory' and Bruce Springsteen's 'Because the Night' (released as a single) are commanding in their intensity and Patty even slips into singing along with the melodies.

Jimmy Lovine's production is unexpectedly polished,

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Root Boy Slim's new release

Marc Jordan's latest

# Spotlight

## An interview with David Wesner

By John Marion

**David Wesner has been an active and highly respected member of the Columbia theatre community since moving here in 1972. He received an M.A. in theatre from USC in 1973 and taught at Columbia College for three years. He has worked at the Media Arts center at USC as instructor of creative arts and is now completing his first year as director at Town Theatre.**

**Mr. Wesner is a veteran of Viet Nam, where he served as an M.A.C.V. advisor as a First Lieutenant.**

**The 31 year old dramatist has written three plays, and his these production, *Dancing Days* won the regional award for best play in the American College Theatre Festival. *The Birds Are Dying* was presented in the summer of 1976 at USC, and *The Precedent* was presented the following fall at Columbia College and was later filmed by ETV.**

**Mr. Wesner has appeared in and directed *The Sunshine Boys* at Hiers Dinner Theatre, and has appeared in productions at the former Wade Hampton Dinner Theatre, at Town Theatre, and at Drayton Hall with the USC Summer Repertory Company.**

**Mr. Wesner lives with Barbara, his wife for ten years, who is also respected as an actress and director. Mrs. Wesner teaches drama at Spring Valley High School and is perhaps most recently known to Columbia audiences for her lead in Hiers Dinner Theatre's production of *The Star Spangled Girl*. Shealso appeared with her husband in *Luv* at the Wade Hampton.**

**OSCEOLA:** Dave, your first year as director at Town Theatre is about to wind down. How's it been?

**Wesner:** Well, it really has been a learning process for me. I've never been in the position before--and I've been doing theatre a long time--of doing this many shows this close, with the amount of things to deal with props, costumes. It's phenomenal the amount of things you have to do.

The thing I had to learn in my first couple of shows very quickly was how to set my priorities, what things needed the most attention when. I came in here, like a lot of people new at a job, like gangbusters, with things I would like to have gotten done. I began planning for next season, and reading. I was also in the middle of a

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# Spotlight

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musical, *A little Night Music*, and I had never done one before. So I did that, which was intimidating me although, golly, I had Kay Holley, and I can't tell you how good she is. So she got me through it.

I guess, though that I was really learning the system itself. I think I learned that a director is mostly concerned with logistics when he's dealing with a musical because there are so many different time slots-for dance, for voice, and lots of others to keep up with.

**OSCEOLA:** What exactly do you *do* as director of the theatre? I mean, I'm sure that many people think you just sit around all day reading plays and thinking about blocking.

**Wesner:** Hey, that's exactly what *I* thought when I first came in! I thought, "Man, oh man! These people are going to pay me good money to do a job doing the things I like to do!" I thought I'd be sitting in here all morning, you know, and in the afternoon probably, reading and thinking about the rehersal that night... Well, I haven't had many moments when I can do that. I'm amazed, for example, at how much *counseling* I do, from suggesting where a kid can go for dinner theatre work, or how to prepare a resume, or what schools are good-Juiliard vs. A.C.T.-, writing letters of recommendation for kids to Spoleto, and any number of things like that.

just a bear, you know? You've got to get your radio and television deadlines met, and they're always *early*, see? Which means if I've got a big production, as I had in *Night Music*, and I need to get my shots four weeks in advance, then how am I going to get a *spectacle* show like that with costumes ready for pictures before I've barely gotten into rehersal? That's the kind of thing that baffles you, that makes you go nuts.

**OSCEOLA:** I'm sure there are numerous chances to go nuts directing six shows a year. What are your major problems?

**Wesner:** There are two things. See, I'm evolving; I'm in the middle of figuring out what I think about my work. *Time* has been the biggest problem. Just getting done all the things that need to be done on time.

A guy asked me when I first came into the building if I thought the volunteer system was in trouble, and I laughed at him. That was in September. Well, I'm here to tell you that for some reason, and I think it's because people really are *very* busy, with their own lives and jobs, that the volunteer system *is* in some sort of trouble. They don't have time to spend four or five weeks *just* running props or *just* doing costumes and that sort of thing.

**OSCEOLA:** Any problems with audition turn-outs, or more seriously perhaps, membership drops?

**Wesner:** We've had small audition turn-outs, almost frighteningly small. One show needed seven or eight people and we had only about eleven try out. That's scary. We've also had membership drops, and I think every theatre in town has had membership drops this year.

The other real, major problem is the *money*. Money is always there. It's always in front of you and you get around it the best way you can. If you don't have the money, well, you just can't do anything. Which causes you to compromise, dammit. I came in here saying that it would not happen, by golly. I was interested in good theatre and nothing was going to get in the way. Well, the truth of it is that Old Reality has told me lots of *different* things.

**OSCEOLA:** I have the feeling, though, that you had plenty of well-wishers, particularly the more active members of the theatre community here, and that they helped you through some dark hours. Am I right?

**Wesner:** Columbia has had that kind of town for both of us, for Barbara as well as me. The people just took us into their homes and hearts and everything else. It's been a very supportive town and a very friendly place, certainly. There are lots of people with gigantic hearts out there who will really help you.

Workshop Theatre, for example, really bailed me out when I did *Night Music*. I got into trouble close to opening and they were the first to open their doors. I'd gotten into a bind with costumes and they told me to go to their warehouse. I picked up about twenty costumes about two nights before we opened and brought them over here to fix them up. They even sent over seamstresses.

**OSCEOLA:** As a director, how do you work with your actors?

**Wesner:** I try to be aware of what people are feeling. Listen: We are all first *humans* before we're anything else. When you come into my building, whether for an audition or a rehersal, you are still a product of what just happened to you outside, good, bad or indifferent. I have to be able to assess where you are as I'm working with you, and I have to do it quickly. You have to be able to trust me because I'm the eyes, so I have to prove myself to you. You've got to have a reason to trust me, or else we'll be in a lot of trouble before the production is over. So I try to be very honest.

**OSCEOLA:** How do you treat your actors?

**Wesner:** I don't believe in baseball bats in creativity. Sometimes people mistake that for being "lackadaisical", but I will not "beat up" an actor to get what I want from him. See, I've been there. I was a first lieutenant in Viet Nam, and I know all the power/leadership ploys and problems. I did those things *very* well. I'm a good politician. I simply choose to believe that there is another way.

But right now, I'm beginning to deal more with this thing called "discipline." I can't assume that people will walk into my building with the same discipline that I have; they come in with different degrees of discipline and different degrees of time allotments.

I'm also beginning to change my initial approach to actors-not that I'm going to "beat them up" now, but I'm going to start doing homework, so that I can present them with something concrete so that they will have a really good starting place. What interests me is that good theatre happen, and if I do anything less, if I don't evolve into what I think I'm evolving into, I'll essentially be cheating some very fine actors who haven't been working very hard for a long time because nobody made them. I'm changing a little and it's partially artistic and it's also because of time.

**OSCEOLA:** Well, you certainly have a fine reputation for knowing how to treat your actors.

**Wesner:** But I don't know if that makes for good theatre. I just don't know yet. But I'm finding a middle ground now. I think it would be unfair to the actor if I did not do everything that I can, given my situation, to get them to the highest point that they're capable of and that I'm capable of. If that means changing the approach, I'll do it.

# Mohammed's Records

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which adds to the regard for the LP because the urgency of the music is still allowed to shine through. **A MINUS.**

**JIMMY BUFFET**
**'Son of a Son of a Sailor' (ABC):**

Who says it's impossible to clone something nowadays. Jimmy Buffet's been doing it to his own music for five years. Word had it his newest was a return to his style of AIA.

It's a return alright - to the same stuff he's been doing since he first started recording. Every cut has a lyric idea or music line take off another Buffet tune. Finger Tyalor's harp still carries the band musically but horns on songs about Eskatrol and Saturday night and - of course - gettin' drunk, may mean ole Jim has finally left the coral reef for Mailbu Marina. **C PLUS.**

**LOU REED**
**'Street Hassle' - (RCA):**

After seven years, Lou is back with the producer who signed him to RCA in 1971, Richard Robinson. They took a gamble in those early years with a pushy, more daring kind of rock that was expounded by Velvet Underground disciples like Roxy Music or David Bowie.

Now they've wagered it all with an electrifying approach that has rock and roll animal junkies calling it his best solo effort.

The album opens in old Reed style, with the rhythm as his greatest contribution to his own legend 'Sweet Jane.' By doing so he tells us that he's branching out from that point to be used more as a point of reference for the remainder of the album. He even runs into the 'rock and roll animal hisself' just seconds into the record and he's 'got a suitcase in his hand.'

Beginning with 'Gimmie Some Good Times,' Reed is more melodic than on any of his previous work, dodging and sliding into a stringed musical phrase that turns into the title cut - a kind of Velvet 'Jungleland.' Reed carries on a casual, but flagrantly derisive conversation with an unheard partner who turns out to be Bruce Springsteen. The 'partner' rationalizes his feelings in the 'Street Hassle' with "Tramps like us, we were born to...", which fades out before he has time to finish.

Side two has its own reference point also, with a half tempo working off the V. Undergrounds 'Real Good Time Together,' which gives way to an anthem like conclusion. He's proud of what

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he's been before and the stages he has passed through, but the glint in his eye on the cover must mean he likes what he's become. **B PLUS.**

**EDDIE MONEY**
**(Columbia):**

I had dismissed Eddie, but being on 'Saturday Night' is cause for reconsideration. Some people think this is a great record in the mold of the 'street wise' singers like Billy Joel, but then some people like the flavor the Paraquat gave their latest batch of Mexican.

Musically, the production isn't bad, but lyrically he makes Andrew Gold sound ponderous. **C.**

**NICK LOWE**
**'Pure Pop for Now People'**
**(Columbia)**

Nick Lowe produced the most highly acclaimed mainstream rock and roll album of 1976 - Graham Parker's Howlin Wind. He once played with most members of Graham's band a few years ago in an English country group, Brinsley Schwarz, produced Elvis Costello's superb My Aim Is True and now has soloed the finest pop album of this year.

Nick has avoided all the traps he could have fallen into (overABBAzation), to give an intelligent effort which is probably why the LP is so listenable. **B PLUS**

**VAN HALEN - (Warner**
**VAN HALEN**
**(Warner Brothers):**
**Produced by Ted Templemann. Special thanks to Gene Simmons. D.**

**Root Boy Slim & The Sex**
**ROOT BOY SLIM & THE SEX CHANGE BAND**
**Featuring the Rootettes**
**(Warner Bros.):**

In 1972, Gary Katz brought Walter Becker and Donald Fagen to ABC records and in return, Steely Dan took Gary Katz to Warner Brothers as, of course, a producer. His first production for them is a band that Becker and Fagen found in Florida with a sound like "Jim Morrison sings the Fugs as played by Little Feat."

The band plays rock and roll tighter than an OPEC meeting, but they take back seat to a new lyricist unmatched since Son of Sam.

The first cut, 'Boogie Till You Puke' sets the tone for the entire album, and the last cut of that same side is one of the best tributes to the Birth of the Blues since 'Weasals Ripped My Flesh.' 'The Heartbreak of Psoriasis,' 'I'm Not Too Old For You,' (when you're 17 I'll be 32), 'Too Sick to Reggae' (great backing vocals by the Rootettes), 'My Wig Fell Off', 'You Broke My Mood Ring' are already immortal in Jacksonville, where people say Root Boy is doing for rock and roll what Howard Hughes did for Kleenex. **B PLUS.**

**MARC JORDAN**
**'Mannequin'**
**(Warner Brothers):**

This the other Gary Katz endeavor for Warner Brothers so far, and in a totally different genre. Jordan's niche belongs with Hall & Oates plus others in that style, only more held back. Katz's control simplifies the slick white funk form and keeps Jordan away from the over use of so many devices (horn sections, overwrout percussion sections, overwrought percussion sections, backing choruses, etc.) that could have made Marc just another Pablo Cruise. **B.**

*****

**CAFES JACQUES**
**'Round the Back'**
**(Columbia):**
**(Columbia):**

For Genesis fans, the percussion is from Phil Collins and his cover notes on the LP might be worth your attention, but what's inside isn't. **C.**

**RENAISSANCE**
**'A Song For All Seasons'**
**(Warner Brothers):**

'A Song For All seasons' is an unalloyed return to the Renaissance of 'Turn of the Cards.' The group's still aims toward their own brand of fusion and the clear, controlled voice of Annie Haslam complements their distinct brand of pop/fantasy music.

Poetess Betty Thatcher's lyrics are especially unadorned, giving the whole package a better feel than on their last couple of LP's. **B.**

*****

**JOHN HALL**
**(Asylum):**

John must have gone to the George Steinbrenner school of management, except Steinbrenner won a world series with his pocketbook allstars and Hall would probably settle for the knowledge that he almost made the playoffs.

Bonnie Raitt, Lowell George, Michael Brecker, the Persuasions, Bill Payne, David Sanborn, Carly Simon, Garland Jeffries, Steve Gadd and James Taylor all contirbute their bites, but Hall doesn't quite fit the pieces together to form a personality of their own.

'The Fault' with Bill Payne's keyboard work is an exception and moves out on its own, while the other cuts massage the egos of the studio musicians they feature.

**DAN HICKS**
**'It Happened One Bite'**
**(Warner Brothers):**

This is the album of songs Dan wrote for a Ralph Bakshi film (Fritz the Cat - Wizards) that Ralph never got around to releasing.

Half of the 'Hot Licks' back him up on the LP that is a lengthy 13 songs long and tells a perverse story that Dan fills us in on the back cover. Mary Ann Price's voice still supports the vocals and the lyrics are prime Hicks.

The jug band melodies, like Dan once said, 'move like Tom Snyder's adams-apple' and after a few playings is as good as 'Last Train to Hicksville.' **B PLUS**

**ALLEN TOUSSAINT**
**'Motion'**
**(Warner Brothers)**

Allen Toussaint has been an integral part of two separate musical golden eras in New Orleans. In the late 50's he worked with Fats Domino. Then in the 60's he produced Ernie Doe's 'Mother-In-Law-' as well as Lee Dorsey ('Workin In A Coal Mine').

Since then, McCartney and Labelle have recorded in his New Orleans studios but he's never been able to fuse his own success into his own recordings.

This Jerry Wexler produced LP was done with L.A. musicians in Hollywood and not New Orleans. Wexler said he wanted to exile Allen from his New Orleans 'sensibilities.' That much is true because the record doesn't make any sense for sure. The self control and reticence Toussaint is noted for having fallen prey to Wexler's L.A. formula.

I guess you could see it coming after Al gave Glenn Campbell 'Southern Nights.' **C.**

**BLONDIE**
**'Plastic Letters'**
**(Chrysalis):**

On their first record, Blondie played with the 60's rock-punk style, but Deborah Harry's vocals seemed to temper the hardness that the majority of new wave albums have.

Now with 'Plastic Letters' they have good production to go along with their distinctive style. Harry's vocals give their sound such a pop quality that, when combined withthe three cord power of the band, the effect they get puts them ahead on the edges of the new wave. **B.**

**MELANIE**
**'Phonogenic Not Just Another Pretty Face'**
**(Midsong):**

Remember the original flower child that sang 'Lay Down' and 'What Have They Done To My Song Ma' with the Edwin Hawkins Singers? She's returned to recording after semi-retirement and her new LP shows that any kind of reputation can get a record contract in 1978.

On P.N.J.A.P.E. the Edwin Hawkins Singers have been replaced by the Brecker Brothers and her fans won't carry lit candles to her concerts now that she's doing 'Knock on Wood' (the first cut), and a funked up 'We Can Work It Out.' The fire laws are too strict upstairs at the Stage Door. **C.**

*****

**MICHAEL HOENIG**
**'Departure From the Northern Wasteland'**
**(Warner Bros.)**

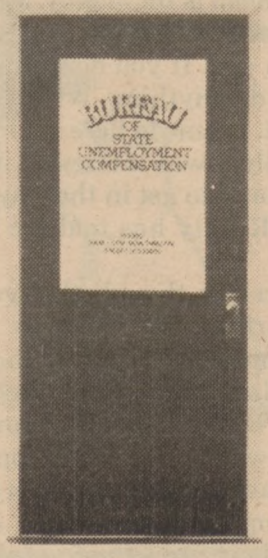
Another German technocrat along the lines of Tangerine Dream's 'Ricochet' or their 'Sorcerer' score. Mike also has that 'Oldfield overindulgence syndrome' that seems to always be brought on by playing all of the instruments on one's own compositions. **C PLUS.**

**TOWER OF POWER**
**'We Came to Play'**
**(Columbia):**

Steve Cropper (most recently of Levon Helm's RCO All Stars) has done himself well producing this one. He adds that emotion to the 'Tower of Power' that made his work with Otis Redding so volatile.

The group's horn section, having just backed 'Little Feat' on their live set 'Waiting for Columbus', has a new found restraint that allows the sound to flow, thereby staying away from the disco monster. Bill Chase would've been proud. **B.**


**My doctor pronounced me cured of cancer. My boss didn't.**




My boss didn't understand that I was healthy again.

So I was let go.

A lot of people are like my boss. They think that everyone dies of cancer. I thought so, too. Until the American Cancer Society, through one of its service and rehabilitation programs, helped me return to a normal life.

The ACS also has local Units that help Americans who've never had cancer understand it better.

Today, more and more, cancer is a curable disease. Ignorance about cancer is curable, too.

# Public Policy

## Will foreign investment raise income?

(Continued From Page 5)

textiles). However, a sizeable part of chemical investments are involved in synthetic textile production, and much of this apparent diversification is misleading.

This description of foreign investment is all well-and-good, but what does it mean for South Carolina? It means that our state is undeniably and irreversably connected to the international economy. The rest of the world affects our state, whether we want it too or not. This foreign investment also raises some questions about the intelligence of the state government's policy that has brought so much foreign and national investment to South Carolina.

This policy has been based on the idea that *any* new industry --regardless of its nature-- was necessarily good for the state. What this policy has not done is look at the indirect costs and benefits of industrial investment. The benefits of these investments center around increased employment and greater tax receipts. But what about the costs?

We can see that foreign industry directly employs 26,000 people in this state. But what kind of employment is it? How much of this investment came to the state to take advantage of our poorly-paid and non-unionized labor force, and how much provides well-paying jobs for skilled workers?

In addition certain costs to the state are involved in attracting this industry. First is the budget of the State Development Board. Second is the loss to the state of tax revenues from companies being given tax holidays. Are these costs balanced by the increased tax base that new industry provides. The problem is more complex than it first appears. What is at issue is whether our state's investment incentives actually attract investment, or whether they merely reward companies that were already planning to invest in the state.

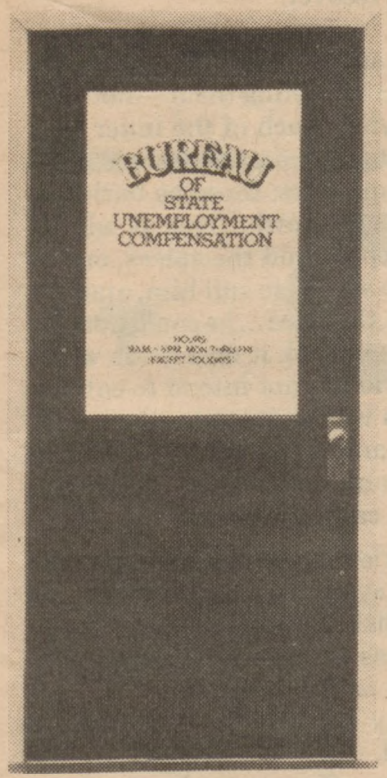
How much of the investment that is attributed to foreign firms actually enters the state, and how much is derived from local borrowing of funds? This question is important because it will tell us how much of a real contribution these firms are making to the state, and how much they are utilizing funds that might otherwise have been used by South Carolinians. In addition, we need to know how much of the profits of these companies are reinvested in production in this state, and how much is sent back to the parent company.

I have no answers to these questions. What is surprising, however, is the fact that these questions have seldom been addressed by our policy makers. Our state is run by people who believe that more industry is better and who refuse to look at the indirect costs and benefits, of industrial investment. When such investment has been questioned in this state, it has been for bizarre and unfair reasons. The Kuwaiti acquisition of Kiawah Island was disputed for reasons involving the Middle East conflict and religious discrimination. The BASF plant was vetoed because it threatened to disturb the rich folks' playground at Hilton Head, in spite of the fact that it would have created many jobs in one of the poorest areas (Beaufort and Jasper counties) in the U.S.

With a per-capita income that makes our state the Bangladesh of the U.S., South Carolina needs jobs. But the state needs jobs that will raise our low income, not perpetuate it. A state government that takes an unquestioning attitude towards industry is suffering from a malignant case of economic infantilism. Such a disease bodes ill for the citizens of this state.


**My doctor pronounced me cured of cancer.**

**My boss didn't.**

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American Cancer Society



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*Piggly Wiggly No. 70 at the corner of Devine and Kilbourne streets is three years old and is having quite a celebration to honor the occasion.*

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*The franchise, owner-operated by Sonny and J.P. McKeown, has been spruced up for its big third birthday party and is boasting, besides the most complete wine and cheese departments in city area grocery stores, the most recent addition of all: the Front Porch Florist.*

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**SJPWTASNSMFSSPEBFAMB**

**(Listen To WSCQ For Details)**

# Fiction

# Final victory

by Daniel E. Harmon

The finest chef's salad ever concocted by a Green Glen Apartments resident was not the product of Ralph Lorston. It was the product of his roomate Arthur who sat in the den this evening listening to jazz on Lorston's stereo and reading the *Music Journal* reviews.

Green Glen inhabitants were abnormally good cooks and Arthur was among the most accomplished — not the best overall, but he prepared a salad that could not be declined even by those immigrants to the city from rural environs who had not been brought up eating salads and never would acquire any fondness for them, as a rule.

Some summer evenings a number of culinary acquaintances would gather for a patio dinner, and it was always Arthur who prepared the salads: delicate, moist creations of only the freshest vegetables, exotic and pleasantly baffling assortments of seasonings, and no more than a tempting portion of breadstuffs.

They came from his heart, for by Arthur's standard the salad clearly was where eating pleasure both began and ended, and he never failed to make ot it what it was meant to be, as he would say.

It was excessively important to him that his artistry be appreciated; he *demanded* appreciation, and he had reached the point at which he would not make salads for other than devotees.

His roommate was not a devotee. They took turns fixing meals. Since Arthur did not especially enjoy preparing anything that wasn't a salad and did not wish to expend any talent for the benefit of a roommate who did not appreciate salads, on his nights he just served soup — quite sufficient for Lorston, who had lived all but the last five weeks of his 22 years a few miles outside of Bradley, population 556. Lorston chose soup on his nights, too, but this evening Arthur had said to him, "Oh, I would love a salad tonight. Ralph, d'you think you could fix us salads? Ummm?" And Arthur had walked into the den and switched on Lorston's new JVC stereo, his one possession of real quality, with one of Arthur's jazz albums on the turntable.

This now posed a dilemma to Lorston. He had never made a salad, had eaten only a couple, never paid more than scant attention to their ingredients and was certain nothing he could come up with would appeal at all to his taste fastidious roommate. It was all the more flabbergasting because it marked the first time either of them had imposed any kind of dinner order upon the other, and this did not seem fair to Lorston.

Notwithstanding the tactlessness of the request itself, he knew it would hardly be tactful to decline. Arthur, as he saw it, was straining the relationship, and it was unprovoked. It actually was going a bit too far. Lorston thought to himself, "What the hell?" The jazz he could tolerate, appreciative that Arthur kept the volume reasonably low. The porcine appearance of his companion he could overlook. The sloth he could outwit, usually, by meticulously maintaining the separation of his belongings from Arthur's; Arthur had discovered early that he was taking in a good housekeeper and had become adroit at leaving things tossed about only in those places where Lorston would be obligated to pick them up; this had become an ongoing cat-and-mouse battle which neither party openly acknowledged and both waged steadfastly, and Lorston was proving to be the craftiest.

Now it occurred to him that this salad episode might represent a bold new offensive, and it occurred further that he already had lost the encounter, taken by surprise, standing there in the kitchenette like an aging hen, for to refuse to make the salads now that Arthur had cleanly exited the scene would involve a defense built around sheer rudeness, which certainly was not permitted.

There was a cookbook on top of the refrigerator, but Lorston, naturally intimidated by recondite recipes that have to be followed and coordinated very closely, opted to freelance. He knew lettuce often was used as a salad base, and he thought they had some of that. He brushed back the long, oily strand of black hair that was constantly flopping down across his forehead to his eyes. Surveying the kitchenette, he sniffed resignedly and tried to organize himself.

The first thing he could not decide was how large the bowls should be. Arthur owned more than a dozen bowls of varying wood types and sizes. At length Lorston chose one of the smallest for himself and a large one for Arthur. He took the head of lettuce from the icebox and placed it on the counter. Wasn't there a special kind of spoon they ate salads with? Or was it forks? Yes, forks. He fumbled through a drawer. The long one, right? Right.

He had the bowls, the utensils and the lettuce and felt he was making good progress. Arthur called to him above the obnoxiously soft jazz in the den, "You **will** include the hard-boiled eggs, won't you? There are four inside the refrigerator door." Lorston pulled open the door. They were there, but how was he supposed to prepare them? He settled the eggs on the counter top and moved on to the spice rack. Lost completely there, he immediately resolved the problem by removing two of the containers at random, then a third for good measure.

What else? He looked around, he eyes settling once more on the refrigerator. Onions, he remembered. Yes. And some catsup or mayonnaise, perhaps. And those little crisp vegetables with red skin, sort of tastless, and sort of distasteful, too.... He rummaged through the vegetable bin. Those — radishes! Salads had cold, sliced radishes in them.

The lettuce was the simplest task, though he was not sure that actually tearing it apart with the fingers was the correct method. Arthur, he reasoned, would have no way of knowing just how he had done it. Or would he? Yes, probably. It worried him as he continued to break the lettuce. He also noticed with concern that the early evening was slipping past at an alarming rate; Arthur would be getting restless.

Next he peeled and sliced a whole onion, discovering to his considerable annoyance that the concentric rings fell apart and broke each time he completed a slice. The vapor stung his eyes, and he realized he could not rub them because both his hands were sticky with the abhorrent onion juice. He itched miserably. In a sudden frenzy he dropped the knife, wiped the oion bits from the counter top into a palm and slung them into the garbage can. He washed his hands with soap and, massaging his eyes, stepped to the other end of the counter to recover.

The eggs he spent very little time on, merely cracking and peeling them — not very cleanly, and leaving much of the inner skin wrinkled and intact — and chopping them into odd-shaped quarters; these he buried in the lettuce in each bowl. Over it all he sprinkled salt, pepper and the spices, one of which poured too slowly to suit him, another much too rapidly, the third ... he could not tell, so he shook it and shook it for a little while into each bowl. He did not intend to eat his, anyway. He was wondering what he *would* have for dinner and realized he still had to heat soup. At any second, he imagined, Arthur would be calling from the den.

The only items left to add to the salads were the radishes, mayonnaise and catsup. He washed the radishes before cutting them, believing that was what he was supposed to do, then feeling embarrassed that he had. They were tricky to slice; the knife would start downward, then be averted to the outside, breaking off a crude hunk of the white vegetable. The work was expedited marvelously by his stiff, club-tipped fingers. On the third radish the knife again slipped away, this time puncturing the fleshy tip of his left index finger. Blood flowed onto the counter top before he realized had had been wounded. He stared at it. He squeezed the finger with his right hand and just below the incision, choking off circulation. It still bled; subconciously he considered putting the finger into his mouth and sucking out the tetinus poison or whatever else might have been transmitted by the knife blade or the

(Continued On Page 19)

# Fiction

## Final victory

(Continued From Page 18)

oniony air, but instead he held it under the faucet and let hot water cleanse the wound from the fingertip downward. He watched blood trickle out of the gash to cloud the stream of tap water, and whenever he released the pressure for an instant the blood surged forth and he felt sick to his stomach.

Trembling and flustered, he turned off the water and found a clean dish towel with which he dried the finger and bound it tightly in tourniquet fashion. He would have to go for stitches.

The salad was not finished, and the soup was not on.

Arthur was waiting.

Enraged, Lorston looked into the den. It struck him that Arthur was sitting motionless on the sofa, reading, with the blues horns sounding soulful emotions all about him. Arthur was oblivious to the world. He just sat there. Wasting away the life God had given him. Demonstrating unforgivable uselessness, he had caused his roommate — who did not even *like* salads — to pierce open a finger.

Arthur was a sitting duck, and he would be no one's martyr, so without hesitation Lorston took the bloodstained paring knife from the counter and darted softly into the den, and approaching from slightly behind he slipped the blade between two ribs just under Arthur's right armpit, all the way in to the handle, then tried to twist it the way he had seen described in grocery mart paperbacks about machismo and lust in Vietnam.

He left the knife sticking in Arthur's side and went out. He was going to drive himself to the hospital emergency room.


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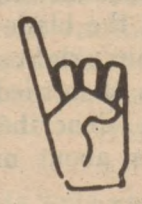
**P.O. Box 5033**
**Columbia, SC 29250**

**AT... OSCEOLA**

**10,000**

**To high income families and The University of South Carolina**
**A controlled circulation publication delivered by U.S. Mail**

# A CLASSIFIED AD IN OSCEOLA WILL


: NOT COST MUCH*

: CIRCULATE 10,000*

: BRING RESULTS*

*See our rate chart on page 21

*Sent to 10,000 households

*Reaching Columbia's most powerful buyers

# Classified Ads

## Autos

**SJPWTASNSM**
**FSSPEBFAMB**

**(Listen To WSCQ For Details)**

For Sale 1969 Porsche 912 coupe. Excellent condition, completely restored. 779-9478.

FOR SALE: '74 Mustang II 2 plus 2; V-6; 5,400 miles; good condition; with auto trans, air, CB, etc. A steal at $1,400. Call Doug at 654-5660.
2/24

FOR SALE: Collect car. 1960, 356B Cabriolet Porsche. White-black top. Call before 9 a.m. and evenings. 777-4713.

FOR SALE--1974 Subaru stationwagon, 29,000 miles, AM-FM radio, air-conditioned, front wheel drive. Asking $2,200 but price is negotiable. 787-8169.

1968 VW: Rebuilt engine, $400.00 254-8804 after 5:30.

1973 Ford LTD 4-door, AC, PS, PB, new tires, excellent condition, 63,000 miles. $1,100. Call 781-2501.
3/17

77 SUZUKI 750. 4 Stroke 4. Only 800 miles. Showroom condition. Cycle magazine rates best roadbike of 77. Must sell. 256-0391.

1975 BUICK Riviera Landace. Loaded and in good condition. Will deal or trade. Randy Campbell 1-884-5141 or 1-886-8461 or Cola. 256-8389 and leave phone number.

FOR SALE--Honda 450, 1970 Model $400.00 779-2549 For free 7 ft. x 16ft. wooden truck bed. Needs repair or modification. 779-2549.

1974 Chevrolet Impala Station Wagon 3-seat, equipped, truly excellent condition. Priced extremely reasonable at $1950. Call 799-0247. 3/17

## Real Estate

ALASKA OIL and gas leases for sale — ADL 60134 — 1920 acres, ADL 60135 — 1600 acres, ADL 60136 — 1920 acres. $6 per acre. 799-7405.
pd. 4/6

AM BUILDING and must sell 4 yr. old 3 BR 2 bath home in Berkley Forest. Assume 325.00 PITI with no decent offer for equity refused. By Appt. 776-1198. 4/13

HOMES for Sale: Harbison-rustic, 3 BR, 2 B, unique den, wooded lot, patios, deck. Harbison extras: tennis, lake, security. $51,000. Call 781-2501.
3/17

GOOD INVESTMENT for sale. Duplex, garage and efficiency apartments. Completely furnished, including all appliances and air condition units. Adjoins Columbia College campus. 100% occupancy. $52,500. Financing available. Call owner: 786-0882.
4/14

HOME FOR sale by owner--seven and a half rooms, two baths. Beautiful old brick. Energy saving features. Mountainbrook. 776-4964.
2/24

FOR RENT Lawyers, Accountants, Real Estate Firms, Manufact. Reps., etc. 10 small offices newly refurbished. $65-$75. Includes utilities. Ready now. Great area off Forest Drive. Phone 787-7503 or 254-6991. 3/31

NEW DEVELOPMENT bordering on Waccamaw River five miles from North Myrtle Beach. All lots 7/10 acre or more. Financing. $5,000 and up. Hussey Realty Company. 249-1475. 4/14

COLUMBIA HOMEOWNERS: I would like to beautify your property. All types of residential landscaping - terracing, mulching, planting & transplanting, trimming, edging. Very reasonable - 787-1308 ask for James.

For Sale or rent by owner--3 bedroom house, 1 bath, kitchen with a dining area. Large yard in nice neighborhood. Call 788-2615.

For Sale: Lake Murray, 315 feet on water, 4 bedrooms, 1½ baths, great room with fireplace, well, garage, dock with ramp. Call 765-9832.

HOME FOR sale by owner--seven and a half rooms, two baths. Beautiful old brick. Energy saving features. Mountainbrook. 776-4694.

Acreage for sale--2, 5, 10, 20 and up to 1000 acre tracts. Call 799-3900.

## Pets

NEEDED FOR Breeding. Healthy, intelligent female Healthy, intelligent female Golden Retriever, English or Irish Setter. Full blood not required. Want to continue line of my uniquely intelligent personable Golden Retriever/ English Setter. Will pay $20, mother's and puppies' shots, vitamins. First five puppies mine, rest yours. 782-8427.
3/24

AT STUD-Lab Retriever. Champion show and field and trial bloodline. Call Lee: 799-9672 or 771-7849.
3/17

At Stud: Freedom's Will, 16.1 bay, T.B. Very handsome, nice disposition. $300 T.B. mares, $150 all others. Polly Woodham, Bishopville, S.C. 484-5727.

## Musical

GOOD LEAD singer looking for good group acoustic or electric. Call John: 754-0586 or 799-4847. 3/17

RARE SCOTT tube type FM stereo receiver. Powerful, works well. $100. Will negotiate. John 779-3452 late.
3/17

MUSICIANS (CLASSICAL, blues, jazz, folk) needed to play during dinner at the Basil Pot.

## Miscellaneous

ACTORS & ACTRESSES wanted call Freedom 256-2665. Promoter/Booking Agent wanted, send resume & references to Colorful Creators, Inc., P.O. Box 4573, Cola 29240. 3/30

Letterheads, brochures, etc. Free lance design work at reasonable rates. Call Paula: 777-6657.

FOR SALE--10-speed All Pro bicycle. Call 799-4684.

The Basil Pot has openings for fulltime staff to work Wednesday through Saturday. Call Ellen, 771-9648.
4/20

A NEED FULFILLED! "Parents' Excuse Book for Students" Thirty pre-printed excuse forms for your child's absence or tardiness. Just check the reason, date, and sign. A must for the busy parent. Welcomed by school administrators. Send $1.00 plus 20¢ postage for each copy. WELLINGTON HOUSE, Box 16044-B, Greenville, S.C. 29606. 3/21

## MAIL-IN FORM FOR CLASSIFIED ADS

**DEADLINE - TUES. 4 P.M.**

**SEND AD TO.....** OSCEOLA
P.O. BOX 5033
COLA. S.C. 29250

NO. OF WORDS _____

NO. OF ISSUES _____

PAYMENT SENT $_____

**PAYMENT MUST BE SENT WITH AD, NO EXCEPTIONS**

**Sample Word Count**

| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wanted | S.C. | | Tobacco | Leafs | J.J. | | Doe | 100 | Main | St. |

**RATE CHART**

MINIMUM $1.75 ON ANY AD

| Number of Issues | One | Two | Three | Four | Five | Six |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Up to 20 words | 1.75 | 3.05 | 4.43 | 5.62 | 6.93 | 8.21 |
| 21 - 25 words | 2.20 | 3.82 | 5.54 | 7.02 | 8.69 | 10.26 |
| 26 - 30 words | 2.64 | 4.59 | 6.65 | 8.42 | 10.40 | 12.37 |
| 31 - 35 words | 3.07 | 5.35 | 7.72 | 9.82 | 12.11 | 14.36 |
| 36 - 40 words | 3.51 | 6.10 | 8.86 | 11.23 | 13.86 | 16.42 |
| 41 - 45 words | 3.95 | 6.88 | 9.96 | 12.64 | 15.62 | 18.47 |
| 46 - 50 words | 4.39 | 7.65 | 11.07 | 14.04 | 17.82 | 20.57 |
| 51 - 55 words | 4.82 | 8.59 | 12.15 | 15.44 | 19.04 | 22.57 |
| 56 - 60 words | 5.27 | 9.16 | 13.26 | 16.85 | 20.79 | 24.62 |
| 61 - 65 words | 5.71 | 9.94 | 14.39 | 18.25 | 22.55 | 26.73 |
| 66 - 70 words | 6.15 | 10.69 | 15.50 | 19.66 | 24.30 | 28.78 |
| 71 - 75 words | 6.58 | 11.45 | 16.58 | 21.06 | 25.97 | |

# Legal Notices

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA
COUNTY OF RICHLAND
Eugene A. Laduzenski,
Plaintiff,
-vs-
Burk Properties, Inc., and
William J. Burk,
Defendants.
IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS
Dockett #78LP400601
ORDER OF PUBLICATION

HAVING READ and filed the Petition of Walter W. Brooks, attorney for the Plaintiff herein, and it appearing that this is an action for damages resulting from breach of contract and further, that the Defendant, William J. Burk, cannot, after due diligence, be located in said County and State.

IT IS ORDERED that service in this matter be made on the Defendant, by publishing copies of the Summons and this Order, in a paper of general circulation in Richland County, South Carolina, once weekly for three (3) consecutive weeks and by forwarding a copy of the pleadings to the Defendant, William J. Burk, at his last known address.

John R. T. Major
Clerk of Court of
Common Pleas
Richland County, SouthCarolina
Columbia, South Carolina
March 22, 1978.

NOTICE

The original summons and Petition was filed in the office of the Clerk of Court on the 22nd day of March, 1978.

PETITION FOR ORDER OF PUBLICATION

NOW COMES Walter W. Brooks, attorney for the Plaintiff herein, who would respectfully show unto this Court:

1. That this is an action for damages resulting from breach of contract.

2. That the Defendant, William J. Burk, being a resident of this State has departed therefrom, with interest to defraud his creditors or to avoid the service of a Summons or keep himself concealed therein with like intent.

3. That, although due and diligent search has been made for the Defendant William J. Burk, the Plaintiff has been unable to locate him in this County and State, as will more particularly appear from the affidavit of P.E. Crolley III, a copy of which is attached hereto.

4. That Plaintiff is informed and believes that it is necessry and believes that it is necessary that it obtain jurisdiction of the Defendant, William J. Burk, by service by publication and it is its wish that this Court issue its Order allowing such service.

WHEREFORE, Petitioner prays that this Court issue its Order authorizing service of the Summons, Complaint and Order of Publication herein.

Law Offices of Walter W. Brooks
BY: Walter W. Brooks
Columbia, South Carolina
March 14, 1978.

Personally appeared before me P.E. Crolley II, who being duly sworn, says that he/she made a due and diligently search for the Defendant(s) Burk Properties Inc.; William J. Burk, but that after such search, remains unable to locate said Defendant(s) in this County or State.

P.E. Crolley III

SWORN and subscribed to before me this 22 day of March, 1978.
Patricia E. Wylie (L.S.)
Notary Public for South Carolina
My Commission expires: 8-4-80
4/13 TB

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STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA

COUNTY OF RICHLAND.
JEANETTE T. GRAY,
Plaintiff,
-vs-
JAMES GRAY,
Defendant.
IN THE FAMILY COURT
78 DR 400655
SUMMONS

TO THE DEFENDANT ABOVE-NAMED:

YOU ARE HEREBY SUMMONED and required to answer the complaint in this action, a copy of which is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the plaintiff or her attorney, Lincoln C. Jenkins, Jr., at his office, 924 Hampton Street, Columbia, South Carolina within twenty (20) days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service, and if you fail to answer the complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated at Columbia, South Carolina, on the 7th day of March, 1978.

LINCOLN C. JENKINS, JR.
Attorney for Plaintiff.

NOTICE
State of South Carolina
County of Richland
IN THE FAMILY COURT
Charles E. Putnal, III,
Petitioner,
-vs-
Deborah S. Putnal,
Respondent.

TO THE ABOVE NAMED RESPONDENT:

YOU WILL PLEASE TAKE NOTICE that the original Petition in the above-entitled action was filed in the Office of the Clerk of the Family Court for Richland County, South Carolina, on the 25th day of January, 1978.

HERBERT E. BUHL, III
Attorney for Petitioner
Columbia, South Carolina
April 6, 1978
4/27

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SUMMONS
State of South Carolina
County of Richland
IN THE FAMILY COURT
Charles E. Putnal, III,
Petitioner,
-vs-
Deborah S. Putnal,
Respondent.

TO THE ABOVE NAMED RESPONDENT:

YOU ARE HEREBY SUMMONED and required to answer the Petition hereto attached, a copy of which is hereby served upon you, and to serve a copy of your Answer on the Subscriber at 2016 1/2 Green Street, Columbia, South Carolina, within twenty (20) days after the service of this Summons upon you, exclusive of the day of service. If you fail to answer the Petition within the time aforesaid, Petitioner will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Petition.

HERBERT E. BUHL, III
Attorney for Petitioner
JOHN R. T. MAJOR
Clerk of Court
January 25, 1978
Columbia, South Carolina.
4/27

PETITION
State of South Carolina
County of Richland
IN THE RICHLAND COUNTY
FAMILY COURT
Geraldine Greene Bedenbaugh,
Petitioner,
-vs-
Charles Bedenbaugh,
Respondent.

The above entitled action has been commenced in this court, the object and prayer of which is to obtain a divorce between the parties hereto; that upon information and belief, diligent search has been made to locate the Respondent, Charles Bedenbaugh, but he cannot be located within this State and his whereabouts are unknown to the Petitioner and her attorney.

WHEREFORE, it is respectfully prayed that an Order of Publication be issued herein.

JOHNSON, TOAL &
BATTISTE, P.A.
BY: I.S. Leevy Johnson
Attorney for Petitioner
Columbia, South Carolina
February 14, 1978.

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SUMMONS
State of South Carolina
County of Richland
In The Court of Common Pleas
Southern States Banana and Fruit Company,
Plaintiff,
-vs-
Tom Elliott, (in lieu of and in substitution for Ellen I. Butler former Tax Collector for Richland County); the heirs at law of Ellen McBeth, their heirs, executors, administrators, successors, or assigns; Ted McBeth and Dorothy McBeth, their heirs, executors, administrators, successors, or assigns; the lineal descendants of Cleo McBeth, Terry McBeth, Gwendolynne McBeth, McKinley McBeth, Mamie McBeth, Esther McBeth, and Lizzie McBeth, their heirs, executors, administrators, successors, or assigns; and any other person or legal entity, who has or claims any right, title, interest, or lien in or to the Real Estate described in the Complaint herein, any unknown adults being as a class designated as John Doe and any unknown minor or persons under other legal disability being as a class designated as Richard Roe,
Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY SUMMONED AND required to answer the Complaint in this action, a copy of which is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your Answer to the said Complaint on the subscribers at their offices, 2019 Park Street, Columbia, South Carolina, within twenty (20) days after the service thereof, exclusive of the day of such service, and if you fail to answer the Complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

QUINN & SMITH
By Christopher F. Allison, Jr.
Attorneys for Plaintiff

NOTICE

TO THE DEFENDANTS ABOVE NAMED;

TAKE NOTICE that the original summons in the above captioned action of which the foregoing is a copy, together with the complaint alleging a cause of action to remove any cloud on Plaintiff's title to this property by virtue of the tax title in the chain of title, together with notice of Lis Pendens, were filed in the Office of the Clerk of Court for Richland County on the 14th day of March, 1978.

QUINN & SMITH
By Christopher F. Allison, Jr.
Attorneys for Plaintiff
Columbia, South Carolina
March 15, 1978

NOTICE OF LIS PENDENS

NOTICE is hereby given that an action has been commenced and is pending in the Court of Common Pleas for Richland County upon Complaint of the above named Plaintiff against the above named Defendants for the purpose, among other things, of removing any cloud on its title to this property by virtue of the tax title in the chain of title. The property is described as follows:

All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land, together with any improvements thereon, situate, lying and being near the Town of Eastover, in the County of Richland, State of South Carolina, containing 18.38 acres, more or less, and being more particularly shown as Tract A on a plat prepared for Zoe D. Sanders by William Wingfield, Registered Surveyor, dated May 30, 1975, and recorded in the RMC Office for Richland County in Plat Book X at page 4415; said tract being bounded as follows: On the North by property now or formerly of Jacobs and by property now or formerly of Dawson; on the East by property now or formerly of Taylor; on the South by property now or formerly of Thompson; and on the West by property now or formerly of Addison and by Tract B as shown on the aforesaid plat.

QUINN & SMITH
By Christopher F. Allison, Jr.
Attorneys for Plaintiff
Columbia, South Carolina
March 1, 1978

NOTICE OF THE
APPOINTING GUARDIAN
AD LITEM NISI

TO THE DEFENDANTS HEREIN, WHOSE ADDRESSES AND OR NAMES ARE UNKNOWN, INCLUDING ANY THEREOF WHO MAY BE MINORS OR UNDER OTHER LEGAL DISABILITY, IF ANY, WHETHER RESIDENTS OR NON-RESIDENTS OF SOUTH CAROLINA, AND TO THE NATURAL, GENERAL, TESTAMENTARY OR OTHER GUARDIAN OR COMMITTEE, OR OTHERWISE, AND TO THE PERSON WITH WHOM THEY RESIDE, IF ANY THERE BE:

TAKE NOTICE that the Order appointing Robert C. Clawson, Columbia, South Carolina as Guardian ad Litem Nisi for all persons whomsoever, herein collectively designated as Richard Roe, Defendants herein, names and addresses unknown, including any thereof who may be minors or under other legal disability, whether residents or non-residents of South Carolina, was filed in the office of the Clerk of Court for Richland County on the 14th day of march 1978.

YOU WILL TAKE FURTHER NOTICE that unless said minors or persons under other legal disability, if any, or someone in their behalf or in behalf of all of them, shall within twenty days after the service of the Notice of this Order upon them by publication, exclusive of the day of said service, procure to be appointed for them or either or them or either of them a Guardian ad Litem to represent them for the purposes of this action, then the Plaintiff will apply for an Order making the appointment of said Guardian ad Litem absolute.

QUINN & SMITH
By Christopher F. Allison, Jr.
Columbia, South Carolina
March 15, 1978

4/7

**SUMMONS FOR RELIEF**
**State of South Carolina**
**County of Richland**
**In The Family Court**
**Allen Chavis,**
**Petitioner,**
**-vs-**
**Barbara Blackman Chavis,**
**Respondent.**

**TO THE RESPONDENT ABOVE NAMED:**

**YOU ARE HEREBY SUMMONED and required to answer the Petition in this action of which a copy is hereby served upon you, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said Petition on the subscriber at their offices, 1108 Blanding Street, Columbia, South Carolina, within twenty days after the service thereof exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the Petition within the time aforesaid, the Petitioner in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Petition.**

**JOHNSON, TOAL &**
**BATTISTE, P.A.**
**By: Luther J. Battiste, III**
**Columbia, South Carolina**
**April 1, 1978**

**NOTICE OF FILING PETITION**

**TO THE RESPONDENT ABOVE NAMED:**

**YOU WILL PLEASE TAKE NOTICE that the original Summons and Petition in the above entitled action were filed at the Richland County Family Court, the object and prayer of which is to obtain a divorce, a vinculo matrimonii, and other relief as set forth in the Petition.**

**JOHNSON, TOAL &**
**BATTISTE, P.A.** **April 1, 1978**
**By: Luther J. Battiste, III** 4/20
**Columbia, South Carolina**


SJPWTAS
NSMFSSP
EBFAMB

(Listen To WSCQ For Details)

Cancer is often curable.
The fear of cancer
is often fatal.

If you're afraid of cancer...you're not alone. But some people are so afraid that they won't go to the doctor when they suspect something's wrong.

They're afraid the doctor might "find something." This kind of fear can prevent them from discovering cancer in the early stages when it is most often curable.

These people run the risk of letting cancer scare them to death.

American Cancer Society

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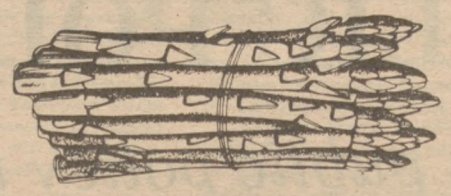

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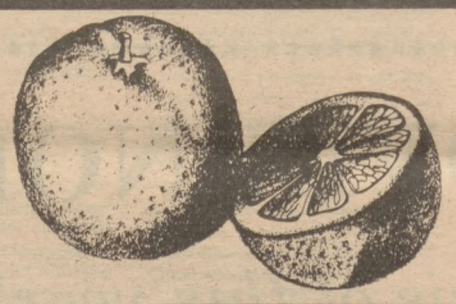

**5 lb Bag 99¢**

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**COKES** **4 FOR $1.19**

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